# UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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## Original Poetry.

### LINES TO ——.

*On a Group of Flowers which She gave me.*

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

I watched the lovely leaflets fade,
I sighed above their lone decay;
And yet my sighs could not have stayed
The vanishing of one sweet ray:
They withered when removed from thee,
And though with tenderest care I tried
To keep each hue unfadingly,
The pining leaflets, drooping, died.

Thus have I seen a fount, whose spray
Danced laughingly at morning's hour,
Thy trembling back beneath the ray,
Of noontide's brighter, wilder power:
Or lute beneath some ruder touch
Than that which waked its notes at first,
Refuse the tones we prized so much,
And pining in its sadness, burst.

Thy gentle hand had trained the leaves,
They withered when from thee removed;
And as the shrinking fountain grieves,
Where-beams too powerful have proved,
Their gentle gleams departed too,
Like song wreaths from the lute strings flown,
When he, whose touch might well renew
Their sweet but scattered tones was gone.

## Original Tales.

### RUTH;
### Or, The Days of William Penn.

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

PART II.

All was still and calm, when Ruth sought the spot pointed out by Eric, but he was not there. She waited nearly an hour in painful feeling, yet he came not. "My brother's coldness has aroused his pride," she thought, "and I shall see him no more," and the drop that moistened her cheek was not the dew of the night. Several days passed, and on the evening of each, she sought the same spot, but still Eric came not, and sad and dispirited she returned.

In the meantime, Ephraim had commenced the instruction of Menoné, and the bright eyes of the Indian maiden sparkled with intelligence as she listened. She lingered later in the evening, ere she sought her father's wigwam, and the flowers of the morning scarcely bent under her light footstep, in its early returning pressure. But one day, after the sun had risen, she came slowly, and with dejected looks, and when Ephraim left the cave, she sat down at the feet of Ruth, gazing with a sad and earnest expression in her face.

"Why dost thou gaze on me thus, Menoné? speak! what hast thou heard?" and Ruth paused, blushing and trembling.

The Indian girl was silent for a few minutes, then, as if unwillingly, her words struggled slowly from her lips.

"Menoné, sad—Secané too, sad—arrow hurt white man—Secané know not—Weccacoe Indian tell—bring book—" and she drew from her bosom a sealed letter, directed to Ruth, who broke it open with a trembling hand. The writing was strange to her, but requested her immediate presence at the dying pillow of—whom!—her sight became dim, and she would have fallen but for the supporting arms of Menoné.

Returning consciousness brought the most distressing feelings. Ephraim would be absent until night, having gone on an excursion with his child. Ought she to go without his consent? The settlement of the Swedes at Weccacoe was less than two miles distant, and the Indian carrier of the letter was waiting, with his canoe, on the shore of the Delaware. In vain Ruth tried to calm her feelings, by calling to aid those principles of endurance and resignation which her faith dictated. She saw but her dying lover, and wringing the hand of Menoné, who hastily collected a change of garments for her, she hurried into the canoe, and unheeding the presence of the strange Indian, gave way to her sad feelings in tears. The swift motion of the boat soon left Coquenoc, now Philadelphia, in the distance, and when Ruth looked up, they were approaching another settlement. A small church crowned the height above the river, and near it stood several houses substantially built. To one of these, after leaving the canoe, the Indian led the way, followed by the trembling Ruth. In an apartment that overlooked a garden, the guide stopped, and the agitated girl turned around. A couch stood in one corner, over which a venerable looking man was leaning. He beckoned her to approach. Can the pale, unconscious form stretched on that couch be Eric Wohlden, so lately healthful, and glowing in youthful pride and devoted love? Ruth sank into a chair by his side.

"I rejoice you have come, dear lady," said the stranger, "his last wish was to see you, and to leave you his few earthly possessions."

"You cannot mean, that he is dead," exclaimed Ruth, starting up with a cry of anguish, "oh! Eric, Eric, do we part thus?"

"Not yet, lady," said the stranger, "but I have little hope. This heavy sleep has lasted for several hours, and on his awaking hangs life or death."

With what tenacity does the human heart cling to hope. Ruth watched that night by the pillow of her lover. Towards morning he moved, with a faint groan, when the stranger urged her to retire to a corner of the apartment, fearing the sight of her might overcome him in his weak state. Her name trembled on his lips, but again he sank into unconsciousness.

"You have need of rest, lady," said the old man, "there is a couch in the next room, and the Indian will relieve your watch. Come hither, Secané."

"Oh! no, not Secané," cried Ruth, shuddering, as the young chief entered the room. "How came he here?"

"Nay, fear not," resumed the stranger, "a kinder nurse there is not. He watched with me several hours before you came, for he left Coquenoc, the moment he heard of our young friend's danger. He is much distressed, for he knew not, until then, that his arrows had injured him, as Eric had kept the circumstances secret, and only his extreme danger induced me to send for you, lady. Secané learned the rest from the chief, who brought you hither, and urged by his own regret, and the distress of an Indian maid he loves, who had discovered that Eric was your friend, he came to atone for his fault. They are a kindly race, though strange. Plants of the western wilderness, but placed here by the same Divine hand, that has cultured those of the east, until they have borne the rich fruits of civilization and Christianity. What may we not hope for these?" At this moment, the slumber of Eric broke, and in a feeble tone, he again breathed the name of Ruth. Her presence was imparted to him with great caution, and she approached with trembling steps. He turned his dim eyes on her, with an expression of mingled affection and sadness, and after some moments silence, spoke in a low voice, with extreme difficulty.

"This is kind, my own Ruth—and I would—I might live—to repay it—by devotion—but—it may not be. I have scarcely breath—to speak—oh! listen to me." She raised his head gently on her arm, and while her tears fell on his cheek, bent over to catch his words, as in broken accents, he continued, "If Ephraim forgive not this—step in, pity, to me—this good man—the pastor of my brethren—will be thy friend. There is a sweet spot—in Passyunk—towards the waters of the Manyunk*—where I thought to be happy with thee. It is now thine—and all else I have—thou wilt repay the kindness of this—good man, and—forgive the — poor Indian." He sank back exhausted, for a few minutes. The weeping girl bathed his temples, and her gentle touch seemed again to revive him.

"Nay, weep not, dearest," he said, "I would call thee mine—by a holier name—before I depart—and we shall meet—hereafter in the bright world—where sects are unknown."

The pastor took the hand of the trembling Ruth, and placed it in that of her lover; "You will not refuse his last wish, lady? Your hearts are already united, and this holy tie will shield you from all blame in watching by his dying pillow. A portion of the simple form of your own people can be united with ours, and my household will be witnesses." He then left the room, but soon returned, accompanied by some members of his family.

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It was a mournful bridal; a benevolent looking female and two other persons with Secané stood grouped at the foot of the couch. The solemn words were spoken which united Ruth and Eric, and with a faint sigh, in which joy and sorrow were blended, he sunk again on the pillow.

* * * * * * *

Late in the evening of the day of Ruth's departure, Ephraim and his son returned to the cave, and were surprised at her absence. Fatigued by their little journey, the child soon fell asleep, and Ephraim then sought his sister at the neighboring cottages where he had learned that she had not been seen since the morning, when she was observed entering a boat which proceeded down the river. When he heard this distressing news he uttered no sound of anger, or of sorrow, but returning to the cave, hid in its silent recesses the grief that filled his heart, throwing himself by the side of his sleeping child.

"Thou art all that is left to me, sweet boy," he murmured. "Ruth hath left her kindred for the love of another; unkind sister, now are we indeed lonely. Edith, gentle mother of my boy, thou art not, and Ruth hath forsaken us." Thus passed the sleepless night, but in the morning his look was calm, and he chided the tears of Benjamin. His noble spirit was wounded by Ruth's apparent want of delicacy, and when the good Penn, with others, hastened to soothe and console him, it was evident that this feeling had taken the place of grief in his mind. If Menoné had appeared and explained the distressing circumstances which caused Ruth's departure, it would have been different, but the timid girl, fearful of implicating Secané, whose anxiety to hasten to the relief of the stranger at Weccacoe, had won back much of her young heart, delayed the performance of a promise she had given Ruth to tell her brother of the dangerous state of the young Swede.

She sent an old Indian woman to supply her place at the cave, and avoided the presence of one whose smile had formerly sent gladness to her innocent and untutored heart. She had heard him speak of his lost Edith. Once when she expressed her disapprobation of the proposed removal of her tribe, while the spirit of Leni Lenappe flashed in her full dark eye, as she pointed to the grave of her mother, she mildly replied,

"There are more beautiful hunting grounds in the west, and have I not left beyond the Atlantic a grave even more dear than this is to thee. Distance cannot dim the memory of those we love."

In a few days, however, that sense of right implanted in every human breast, and always yielded to by the pure in heart, induced her to seek him, and tell, yet with trembling hesitation, the tale of distress, but as neither the name of Secané or his arrows were mentioned, and the sickness of the white man revealed with so much confusion, Ephraim thought it a pretext rather than a real cause of alarm, and blamed Ruth no less. Menoné thought his fine features had lost half their beauty by their cold expression, as she contrasted them with Secané's when listening to the same tale, but she forgot how differently it was told.

About three weeks after Ruth's departure, Ephraim stood by the river's side, with the proprietor of the settlement, who spoke to him in a low and soothing tone. Rumors from Weccacoe had reached him, and he had returned a letter from Ruth unopened, for which the good Penn gently censured him. While they thus conversed, a shrill cry rose on the air, and Menoné, whom Ephraim had not seen since the time of her imperfect disclosure, ran by with the speed of lightning, followed at a slower pace by the old Chief Tamané her father. Ephraim looked up, and the proprietor said gently, "Be quiet, child, what has alarmed thee?"

The old Indian stopped, pointing to the river, and making signs of distress, but Menoné ran on, exclaiming, "canoe—Benjamin—gone!"—and the alarmed father beheld his adventurous boy in a small boat, drifting rapidly down the stream. Uttering a cry of terror, he rushed along the shore in search of a canoe, followed by the good Penn, who endeavored to soothe his distress and encourage his hopes, but he only answered by groans of anguish, as he saw the distance increase between him and his child, who, now really alarmed, ran to and fro in the frail bark, extending his little arms for relief. Many of the settlers and natives were seen on the shore, and several boats were rowed swiftly to his rescue, but the ebbing tide had already carried the canoe past the island opposite the settlement.

"Benoni! Benoni, child of my sorrow, must I lose thee too?" cried the heart stricken father, "save him, Tamané," he cried to the old chief, "I had pity on thy child, I saved thy daughter."

Swiftly were the oars plied, but in vain, for the son of Ephraim, whose agitated movements had now overset the canoe was struggling with the waves opposite the settlement of Weccacoe, when a form was seen to plunge into the river, swim rapidly to his rescue, and bear him in safety to the shore. A shout of joy pealed along the river, and the first boat that reached the spot was that containing Ephraim, with the good Penn, Tamané and Menoné. The overjoyed father rushed to embrace his restored child, and then turned to pour out his thanks to his preserver. Why does he start at the pale countenance that met his? The traces of recent illness were on the fine features on which he gazed. The next moment he extended his arms, and Eric Wohlden, the preserver of his child, was folded to the heart of Ephraim. It was indeed he, restored from the brink of the grave by a kind Providence, and the tender nursing of Ruth, and his first walk by the river's side since his illness, brought him to witness the danger, and hasten to the rescue of the son of Ephraim. Though still weak, he was an excellent swimmer, and without waiting to divest himself of his clothes, he plunged into the stream.

"Forgive me, Eric," said the grateful father, "and from this moment be to me as a brother."

"And wilt thou pardon me, Ephraim?" said a sweet voice by his side. He turned, and Ruth wept with joy on her brother's breast.

"Thus may your hearts ever be united, my children," said the good William Penn, "and now we will task the hospitality of our brother of Weccacoe, while our little navigator and friend Eric change their wet garments." Then taking the arm of the pastor, they ascended the bank, followed by the joyous group, among whom, the young adventurer, who had been the cause of so much alarm and subsequent happiness was borne in triumph on the shoulders of Secané, by whose side tripped the light form of the Indian maiden.

* Schuylkill.

## Original Sketch.

### THE INSULT.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Towards the close of a summer's day, in the year 17—, a party of gentlemen in the undress uniform of British officers, were seated in front of a country tavern in Virginia, discussing such scraps of news as each had chanced to pick up in the dull neighborhood of country quarters. As they proceeded in their remarks from grave to gay, the laugh and jeer grew frequent, till at last one of them suddenly asked "if they had heard of Frazier's mishap?"

"No, what's that, Hamilton?" was the eager question.

"Oh, nothing but a forged paymaster's order for a hundred pounds."

"Sir, that's false," said a voice.

The officer started as if an adder had stung him—and as his fierce eye rested on the speaker, said, "who are you that gives me the lie?"

"A man, who does not like to hear his friend slandered," replied the offender.

The stranger was a young man dressed in the uniform of the provincial service. He was tall and strongly built, and if not fashioned like Apollo, there was an ease, a manliness in the air, a greatness in the bearing, which, addressing itself to the soul, amply made up for any defect in corporeal beauty—his countenance even in that moment of youthful heat indicated a nature whose spirit was conciliation. His cheek was flushed, and his brow knit with anger as he steadily returned the gaze of the officer, and at times clear and distinct said, "I know Major Frazier, he is an honorable man."

"He may have been yesterday," said the Englishman, handing his card, "but he is now under arrest for the crime I have mentioned. You wear the dress of a gentleman, can you fight like one?"

"My conscience forbids me to fight a duel," said the young man with a faltering voice.

"Then your conscience should have forbidden you to wound the honor of a soldier. I find, Maurice, that our countrymen's opinion of provincial valor is a correct one," said the officer, taking the arm of a companion and walking down the road, "who would have thought that that man was a coward?"

The rest of the group after indulging their contempt in signs, turned their backs on the offender, and resumed their conversation.

They had continued talking for some time, when a slight groan attracted their attention to the stranger. He was leaning against a tree which stood at a short distance from him. His arms were folded on his breast, and his face was pale and slightly convulsed with emotion.

One of the group left his companions and approached him—but as the sound of his footsteps struck the ear of the stranger, he raised his head, and saluting the Englishman, passed on.

The officer, an elderly man, returned to the group, saying, as he seated himself—"That lad is no coward, I'll stake my knowledge of the human character upon it."

* * * * * * *

Let us go to the chamber of the stranger. Seated in an arm chair, his head resting on his hand—the conflict of feelings are plainly visible in the disturbed and changing "mirror of the soul." Now pale with the struggle, now flushed and distended with indignation, and again calm and serene as the light of benevolence sheds its influence over his spirit.

As the war of emotion subsided, he raised his head, and his eye resuming its intellectual expression glanced upon a miniature case that lay upon the table.

He seized it eagerly and gazing on the features of his mother—"joy brightened his crest," and the lamp of wisdom was lighted.

The miniature was that of a woman in middle life, dressed in the style of George the Third's time. The features resembled those of the stranger, and the expression ripe with charity seemed to woo affliction with its charms.

As the stranger gazed, memory brought up the scenes of his childhood, his tears fell fast, and as the lessons of his youth were presented to his vision, he bent his knee and poured forth his spirit in prayer.

* * * * * * *

At daybreak several officers were seen in the gap of the woods near the village of M———. Among them were Hamilton and a young man whose flaxen curls and fine complexion told his Saxon origin. He was apparently about sixteen years of age, and was loading pistols for Hamilton, who fired them at a mark.

"A good shot," said the youth, as he took the discharged pistol from his principal and handed him another. "That's a very good shot, Hamilton, but you must strike out the ace before he comes, we have ten minutes yet. I know he's prepared, for I heard the crack of his pistols as I passed his quarters this morning."

"It all depends upon you, Walter, for I never miss the mark unless the loading is ill done. But I wonder what changed the young fellow's mind?"

"Why, the sense of disgrace to be sure—what else do you think would change conscience into courage? But it's a pity he should die," said the youth, thoughtfully. "I dare say before he has fleshed his sword!"

"Why, Walter, you yourself, if I remember rightly, have never been in battle, if we except that skirmish with the red skins, were there was more bullets spent than blood spilt. But as you say, if my hand be as steady as it is now, I shall send the young fellow to his long account. A more unprovoked insult a man never received."

At this moment the stranger was seen coming towards them, leaning on the arm of a friend. As he approached many remarks were made on his bearing and soldierly appearance.

"I say, Morrison, he doesn't seem to be much scared," said a young man with dark whiskers and a moustache.

"Eh? no," replied the person addressed, apparently a military coxcomb, "tall, eh, make a nice grenadier?"

"He looks pale, though depend upon it he isn't used to this sort of thing," said the youthful second, with the air of a man who was.

Hamilton smiled, and laying his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder said, "And I hope, Walter, that you'll never earn the character of a duellist, it neither lengthens a man's days nor sweetens the cup of life. I have killed one man in a duel, and shall probably kill another—acts that establish bitter feelings in the heart."

The youth looked hard as the man of war thus moralized, then proceeded silently to select a spot for the expected meeting.

As he was leaving the group the stranger approached—and bowing coldly to his antagonist, he turned his face to the sun, while his second proceeded with Walter to arrange matters.

After the ground had been measured, the combatants took their stations eight paces apart.

When the word was about to be given, and the bystanders expected to see one or both fall immediately, the stranger raised his hand, and said, "stop, I have something to say, Lieutenant Hamilton, I accused you of falsehood—your statement was true—I have wronged you, sir, and I ask your pardon."

For a second the surprise of the party closed their lips. Even the young coxcomb opened his eyes slightly, then ejaculated "possible?" and smiled graciously with the rest as the generous soldier grasped the hand of the stranger, and said, "Mr. Washington, I have never before encountered so truly brave a man."

## Ladies' Department.

### THE LADY'S DREAM.

The lady lay in her bed,
Her couch so warm and soft,
But her sleep was restless and broken still;
For turning often and oft
From side to side, she muttered and moaned
And toss'd her arms aloft.

At last she started up,
And gazed on the vacant air,
With a look of awe, as if she saw
Some dreadful phantom there—
And then in the pillow she buried her face
From visions ill to bear.

The very curtain shook,
Her terror was so extreme,
And the light that fell on the broider'd quilt
Kept a tremulous gleam;
And her voice was hollow, and shook as she cried,
"Oh me! that awful dream!

"That weary, weary walk,
In the church-yard's dismal ground!
And those horrible things, with shady wings
That came and flitted round,
Death, death, and nothing but death
In every sight and sound!

"And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom;
And the voice that cried, 'For the pomp of pride,
We haste to an early tomb!

"For the pomp and pleasure of pride,
We toil like weary slaves,
And only to earn a home at last,
Where yonder cypress waves;'
And then he pointed—I never saw
A ground so full of graves!

"And still the coffins came,
With their sorrowful trains and slow;
Coffin after coffin still,
A sad and sickening show;
From grief exempt, I never had dreampt
Of such a World of Woe!

"Of the hearts that daily break,
Of the tears that hourly fall,
Of the many, many troubles of life
That grieve this earthly ball—
Disease, and Hunger, Pain and Want,
But now I dreampt of them all!

"For the blind and the cripple were there,
And the babe that pined for bread,
And the houseless man, and the widow poor
Who begged—to bury the dead;
The naked, alas, that I might have clad,
The famished I might have fed!

"The sorrow I might have soothed,
And the unregarded tears;
For many a thronging shape was there,
From long forgotten years;
Aye, even the poor rejected Moor,
Who raised my childish fears!

"Each pleading look, that long ago
I scanned with a heedless eye;
Each face was gazing as plainly there,
As when I passed it by;
Woe, woe, for me if the past should be
Thus present when I die!

"No need of sulphurous lake,
No need of fiery coal,
But only that crowd of human kind
Who wanted pity and dole—
In everlasting retrospect—
Will wring my sinful soul!

"Alas! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,
And fill the burial sod—
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmark'd of God!

"I drank the richest draughts;
And ate whatever is good—
Fish and flesh, and fowl, and fruit,
Supplied my hungry mood;
But I never remembered the wretched ones
That starve for want of food!

"I dressed as the noble dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remembered the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have healed!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part;
But evil is wrought by want of Thought,
As well as want of Heart!"

She clasp'd her fervent hands,
And the tears began to stream;
Large and bitter, and fast they fell,
Remorse was so extreme;
And yet, oh yet, that many a Dame
Would dream the Lady's Dream!

—*Hood's Magazine.*

### FEMALE EQUESTRIANISM.

BY MISS E. LESLIE.

Medical gentlemen have frequently asserted that no species of recreation is so well calculated to improve the health, as exercise on horseback; and it is certainly a matter of surprise, in a country like ours, where almost every family can command the use of a horse or two, that this healthful practice should be so much neglected. A few years ago, there were even fewer female equestrians than at present; a lady in a riding-dress, mounted on horseback, was a rare exhibition—the practice having, somehow, fallen into disrepute. But, during the present season, the ladies have made rapid progress towards placing equestrianism among the essential accomplishments of American females. And this is as it should be. Independent of its beneficial influence in a medical point of view, there is no accomplishment so well adapted to exhibit a fine figure to advantage. I have frequently heard gentlemen remark that a lady never appeared to better advantage than when mounted upon a fine animal.

Ladies residing in cities should accustom themselves to this exercise, as, from their sedentary mode of life, and the confined atmosphere in which they live, it is of more importance to them than to ladies of the country. The great disadvantage under which nearly every young lady in the city labors, is the want of a competent person to instruct her how to manage her horse. This inconvenience is not felt in the country, where almost every female has been trained to be a rider from her childhood. Generally the gentleman who rides with the lady in town, knows very little more about guiding horses than the lady herself; the latter is thus, in a great measure, thrown upon her own skill, which is sometimes insufficient to extricate her from difficult situations. It would be well to encourage riding schools for the instruction of young ladies, in all the large towns in the Union. These institutions, if properly conducted, would soon make their usefulness apparent. But in the absence of riding schools, ladies should endeavor to make themselves acquainted, as well as they can, with the general principles of managing a horse, before they venture to mount one. Several excellent little books on this subject have recently been published, most of which are replete with sound advice, and deserve an attentive perusal.

The practice is liable to be carried to excess; but it is not probable that American ladies will ever go so far as to follow packs of fox-hounds, like Diana Vernon, or become horse-jockies, like the noted Mrs. Thornton, in England.

Ladies generally delight to ride a pacing horse—the pace being unquestionably the easiest of all gaits to the rider. But all pacing horses are sure to stumble, and some of them will fall flat upon the ground, without the least warning, so that she who rides a pacing animal should be continually on the alert, or she may be unexpectedly precipitated over the horse's head. A racking gait is almost as easy as a pace, and a racking horse is apt to be sure-footed. A lady equestrian, unless she knows herself to be skilful, should never mount a horse that stumbles, or that is fretful and skittish. Ladies will also enjoy themselves more by riding at a moderate gait, than by pushing along at a violent gallop. The latter speed makes the exercise fatiguing both to the rider and the animal.'

If it can be avoided, a lady should never ride a white horse, because her dress is apt to become disfigured by the loose hairs of the animal, and, moreover, the color is not adapted to make her appear advantageously.

The finest time of the day for riding is from daybreak until breakfast time, and next to this, in the evening from about an hour before sunset until twilight. Morning is much to be preferred, because the dust is then comparatively undisturbed; and it would conduce much to the health of young ladies if they would regularly permit the rising sun to put an extra coat of gilding on their habit buttons, instead of enervating their system by lying late in bed.

There is no article of female apparel more agreeable to the eye than a handsome riding-dress. In the selection of the materials and trimmings for a habit, a lady has an opportunity of displaying her good taste in an eminent degree. It is essential that a riding habit should combine chasteness and beauty of style with a due degree of gayety, and it is in adjudging the exact proportion of the latter quality that the lady's taste is put to the test. Cloth is generally preferred, on account of its superior durability; but cachemerette, merino, and other woollen fabrics are by no means unfashionable. The color of a habit should be selected with a view to its producing a good contrast with the complexion. There are some rules to determine this matter, which will be found in Mrs. Walker's well-known book. A lady having round features and a rosy complexion, will look to decided advantage in blue cloth, while one with a sharp, pale visage will look best in a habit of some light color, such as slate, gray or purple. Green is also a handsome color to contrast with a fresh complexion; while a fair face will always appear advantageously when the habit is black, with a proper relief on the corsage.

In cutting a habit, the main object to be sought for, is a neat and close, but at the same time comfortably setting corsage. It has been found by experience that the most desirable corsages are those having a rolling collar, opening about half-way down the bust. This style enables the lady to wear a light and neat chemisette, with a small worked or plain collar and kerchief, and thus avoid the stiffness and discomfort of a boddice reaching up to the chin. The skirt should be made nearly three-quarters of a yard longer than that of an ordinary dress, and should be constructed that the front part may be tucked up when desired, to enable the wearer to walk comfortably. When the habit is blue, green, black, or any other dark color, the collar and cuffs should be of blue-black silk velvet, but not otherwise.

As was before remarked, for a lady having a round face and rosy complexion, a habit of blue or green cloth is to be recommended, and it should be made with a rolling velvet collar and cuffs, and be worn with a velvet or cloth cap, and deep green veil. The corsage should have no embroidery, braid or lace, but should be ornamented with two or three rows of fine gilt buttons. Many young ladies are deterred from trimming their habits in this way, by the fear that gilt buttons would give them too dashing an appearance to be in good taste. This, however, is a wrong view of the case. In our country a real riding dress is so rare an article, that many persons have no opportunity of forming a correct idea of their styles; hence, when a habit is a little gayer than a walking dress, many regard it as out of taste. It should be borne in mind that the whole costume of a lady equestrian is necessarily more fanciful than a mere street dress, and that a few rows of bright buttons do not make a greater show than a heavy gold chain, which is always worn without exciting a remark of disapprobation. A habit of dark goods has a very dull appearance, unless relieved by some style of trimming which is at once chaste and showy. During the present season, gilt buttons have been more extensively worn on habits than at any previous period within the recollection of the present generation. They were introduced by ladies of well-known good taste, and their popularity is evident form the fact that they are worn on three-fourths of the habits that meet our sight. But there is such a thing as carrying the use of gilt buttons to excess. They should always be worn on habits of blue and green, and they look well on black and purple; but they ought never to be put on slate, gray, fawn, or other light mixed colors. They make no good contrast on mixed goods; on blue cloth they are incomparably rich.

In selecting the buttons for a habit, care should be used to get those that are the richest treble gilt. Sometimes figured gilt buttons are worn, and occasionally we see the convex or "Ellsler button" on habits; but neither of these are to be recommended;—the first are proper for boys' clothes, and the latter remind one of brass trunk nails. The gilt buttons worn by ladies of acknowledged taste, have a *plain flat* surface, and are of rather a small size. This pattern is the only fashionable one; the appearance of the button is chaste in the highest degree, while its mirror-like surface makes it show to better advantage than any other pattern. These buttons, instead of giving the habit a dashing appearance, barely serve to relieve its sombre look—imparting to it, at the same time an air of beauty and neatness that needs to be seen to be appreciated.

For a very delicate lady, the habit ought to be of light colored goods, made in the style last named, except that the collar and cuffs should not be velvet, and the buttons ought either to be black silk, or moulds covered with the material that composes the boddice. This style of habit will be found most becoming; but if the lady desires something more showy, she might wear black cloth, but not blue or green. Black cloth will contrast handsomely with her complexion; and if she desires to wear gilt buttons, the habit should be made with a jacket and skirt—the jacket kept habitually unbuttoned, so as to show a buff cassimere vest underneath. The vest should have the military cut, and be adorned with a single row of gilt buttons, extending from the neck to the waist. The jacket, unless particularly desired otherwise, should have black silk buttons.

The cap should always be black, with a smart vizor, and to be secured to the head by a narrow riband tied under the chin. The practice of wearing plumes is rapidly becoming extinct; but it is undeniable that they continue still in favor among many ladies of undoubted taste. Veils of green are to be recommended generally. The color protects the eyes in the sun. When the habit is dark, the gloves should be buff, or some other lively color; but with a light habit, gloves of any color are becoming. The sleeves of a habit should be moderately tight, and no buttons are recommended for the cuffs. It has been the practice of some ladies to load the hem of the skirt with shot, to keep it to its place when riding; but it is by no means considered necessary to pursue the custom any further. The chemisette may be graced with a neat little breastpin, and the kerchief should be very small, with a neat figure, and have the collar turned down over it.

Before dismissing the subject, it is proper to say that some ladies prefer the riding dress known by the name of the Spencer habit. This costume is of French origin. It consists of a silk velvet spencer, with a separate skirt of merino. The colors most worn are mazarine-blue, dark green, and blue-black—skirt of the same color. The spencer is made with a rolling collar, sets close to the shape, and has three rows of buttons in front. Silk buttons are sometimes worn on the spencer, but they do not look so well as gilt. The advantage of this dress consists in its admirable adaptation to the ball-room, by merely wearing a light skirt with it.

A broadcloth habit will cost twice as much as one of merino or cachemerette; but it will be far more durable, and is suited to every season of the year. A lady will, therefore, consult economy by selecting cloth as the material.

The practice of riding should be generally encouraged by parents. It will give a healthy tone to the constitution of their daughters, and make them more useful members of society, than they ever can be by frequenting midnight dancing parties, and lolling on their couches during the day.

## Selected Tales.

### THE MISER OUTWITTED.
### A Tale of a Man About Town.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'YANKEE NOTIONS.'

How old Boxall, the miser, became a generous man in spite of his teeth, is a story which I have some scruple about telling, lest misers should remember it and be upon their guard: these worthy gentlemen are so sharp at taking hints. I therefore recommend to the patrons of this journal, to be particularly careful how they *lend* the present number. With this precaution we may be pretty safe. So here it is.

Mr. Benjamin Boxall was as respectable a man as you shall see in a summer's day, especially in any part of the town where good bargains were to be made. What signified it that he starved his wife to death, and would split a straw to save his own half? Wasn't he worth three hundred thousand dollars, and in good name and fame upon change? He was formerly of the firm of Baggs & Boxall, Ship Chandlers, No. 418 State street, Boston, all the patrons of which respectable house were men of substance and reputation, and carried a "high head and a clean collar," as the phrase used to be.

Mr. Boxall "knew what money was worth"—a species of knowledge on which the possessors commonly pride themselves with a high degree of self-complacency. He had, indeed, ample reason to be proud of his own talent, for the beginnings of his greatness were precisely of such a nature as to show that no ordinary genius was at work in directing his career. He became first known to the world in a public capacity by selling pop on the Common, in the good old times when matters of pop had not yet encountered the majestic explosion of penal statutes. In this wide field of action he picked up money enough to lift him into the more elevated sphere of old iron. The trade in old iron sharpened his wits at such a degree, that in three years' time, he made a bold push, and cut at once into the victualling line. Here he balanced his accounts at the end of five years more, with such a preponderance of pockets that he made another courageous swing, and launched into the great ocean of grocery. All was fish that came into his net. He became well known up and down town, and every body saw that he "understood what he was about"—an expressive and significant phrase in the mercantile world, that means a great deal more than a learned philosopher would imagine. Need I say more? The long and short of the matter is, that he awoke one fine morning, and found himself—rich!

Did I say that Mr. Boxall knew what money was worth? If I said no more than this, I did not say half enough. He not only knew the worth of it, but he had so high an opinion of its value, that he thought nothing of so much importance as to keep it safely. He did business in a terrible snug way; never took a note of hand without two good endorsers, and charged compound interest whenever it was perfectly safe. These are only prudent precautions, which careful people find highly conducive to their own comforts; although men of scanty means and small connections are apt to complain of them as a little embarrassing. However, what of this? Money was money. Mr. Boxall was a man who "understood what he was about;" and he did not understand why he should run risks without a "consideration."

This worthy old gentleman's only son Joe had grown up in a style that caused the old man strange fits of uneasiness at times. Joe was placed in what philosophers call "a false position;" that is, he expected much and got little—a state of probation, which, if not false in a metaphysico-moral way of speaking, is surely vexatious enough, in all conscience. He was already of an age to be doing something for himself. Yet not a sixpence would old Boxall advance to set him up in trade—so hard was it for the old miser to part with the cash. It was enough, he thought, for him to pay Joe's tailor and shoemaker; and even this he could not do without most dismal grumbling.

It is astonishing to see how differently old people think from young people on the subject of money; for my part I never could understand it. If the old folks who have *got* money could only be made to think like the young folks who *want* money, how many awkward family discords would be saved! However, all this moralizing won't help on my story.

"Five dollars for boots! Monstrous! monstrous! Joe, how *can* you be so extravagant!"

"Extravagant!" echoed Joe, while old Boxall was puckering his little pinched-up features into a scowl of peculiar sourness and vexation, as he looked over a scrap of paper with "*rec'd pay't*" at the bottom.

"I say extravagant—monstrous extravagant—these hard times, too! Don't Waxem & Co. advertise boots at ten-and-sixpence? Look at the newspapers."

"Horsehide—shabby horsehide—won't stand an hour's walking," replied Joe, turning up his nose.

"Walking! what's the use of walking? There's another extravagance—wearing out sho-leather, and all that. Didn't I see you smoking a Spanish cigar, yesterday?"

"Perhaps so—I *do* smoke Havanas sometimes."

"Extravagance, I say again. Can't afford it. Use a long-nine—just as good. *I* never smoke at all—mere extravagance. What's this? Horse-hire! Bless my whits! you didn't hire a horse and chaise, Joe?"

"Why, don't you know, sir, the ball at Col. Swagger's? There were ladies, you see—couldn't do without a coach."

"Ladies! with a witness! Three dollars twenty-five cents, as I live! Joe! Joe! what sort of profit is there in such a trade as this?"

"Ah! father, that is just what I was going to speak to you about. I've had it in my mind a long while. There is a lady in the case. Young men, you know, must live—"

"Yes, live and learn, Joe, live and learn!"

"I was going to say that they must live and—marry. Now you know I have set my heart upon—"

"Living prudently, I hope."

"Yes, and taking a wife!"

"Hey?"

"Exactly so—keeping house will be so economical!"

"Ay, Joe, but be sure and look out for a good match; don't marry foolishly, Joe."

"My sentiments exactly! You have expressed my mind to a T. I wouldn't marry foolishly on any account; its entirely contrary to my inclination."

"I'm glad to hear of it, Joe; I hope you'll imitate your father, and always look out for the main chance; *I* always looked out for the main chance."

"Certainly, certainly. Now my wife—that is, the lady that is to be my wife—is beyond all doubt, the finest woman, the most accomplished, sweetest, most domestic, most excellent and charming creature—it will be so happy a union!"

"How much is her father worth?" asked old Boxall, taking up a pen, with a regular business look, and preparing a scrap of paper for figures.

"Got no father—died in the West Indies."

"Mother?"

"Nor mother, either."

"Ah!" said the old man, with a look of visible satisfaction, "then all the property is in her own hands."

"No—she's got no property."

Old Boxall was just poking his nose down to the paper to cast the interest on the amount of the lady's fortune, when this altogether unexpected announcement caused him to jerk his head upward, and fix his little calculating grey eyes on Joe's face without uttering a word. What surprise he felt at his son's unaccountable folly in falling in love with a woman who had no property! At length, he *would* have spoken, but Joe had found time to rally his strength, during the short suspension, and followed up this astounding disclosure with something still more audacious.

"And so, sir," said the son, "considering that we can't live on nothing, and you can easily spare it—I only want—say a small matter of twenty thousand dollars, to begin housekeeping with."

Suppose, gentle reader, a snow-storm should burst upon you on the Fourth of July, and cool your dinner-table patriotism with the frigidity of Hudson's Bay; suppose a thunderbolt should break out of the blue sky; suppose Deacon Slouch, the tee-totaller, should walk into What-d'ye-call-em's, and call for whiskey punch; suppose Congress should mind their business; suppose a tailor should be punctual; suppose a tin-pedlar should be honest; suppose anything in *rerum natura* utterly incredible and astounding: but you cannot suppose or imagine any thing that would overwhelm you with so much astonishment, as that which fell upon the amazed Mr. Boxall at these words. He sat with the forefinger of his left hand firmly planted on the paper before him, the pen clenched in his right, and raised in mid air. With open mouth and fixed eyeballs, he continued to gaze upon the young gentleman, who stood before him, actually frightened at his own audacity in speaking of such a thing as twenty thousand dollars to his father's face. At length the old man found words.

"The boy's distracted! Twenty thousand dollars! Oh, he's certainly distracted."

"No such thing, father. Won't you have two hundred and eighty thousand left?"

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense! that's the way young folks talk. Twenty thousand dollars! just as if it was no more than a musqueto-bite."

"Then you won't let me have it?"

"Have it! what—twenty thousand! Bless my wits! No! conscience! twenty thousand dollars these hard times!"

"Then, for heaven's sake, father, what am I to do?"

"Don't know, Joe—none of my business; hard work enough for me to get a living, these days; lost five hundred dollars last week, by the failure of Sam Slump—fool enough to take his note without any collateral. Mind, Joe, never take a note without a good collateral."

"That's neither here nor there, father; will you let me have the money?"

"Can't think of such a thing; twenty thousand dollars! ugh, ugh! Bless my wits! can't do it to save my life."

"Then I shall go mad, or hang myself," cried Joe, with an air of desperation; and at these words striking his fist upon the table, he rushed out of the house.

Next day Joe did not appear, whereat his loving father was heard to mutter an ejaculation of surprise, as he learned the fact while casting the interest on a mortgage. The day after, he was also absent, which caused the miser to "guess he had gone out of town." The third day brought him not, and old Boxall "wondered what had become of him." Finally a week passed, and no tidings of the young gentleman were obtained, when the fatherly and affectionate old creature declared that he "shouldn't wonder if something had happened to him."

Time passed on: old Boxall made bargains, took mortgages, and *did* notes; but, for aught that could be perceived, never troubled his head with the question whether his son was in the land of the living, or not.

One morning, just as he stepped out of his door, he met his neighbor, Mr. Lemon, the grocer, who greeted him with a very uncommon stare. It hardly attracted his notice, but the next moment came round the corner Mr. Clack, the auctioneer, of Kilby street. This gentleman gave an extraordinary twitch of the head, and looked Mr. Boxall full in the face for at least three seconds. He was wondering what this could mean as he got into Congress street, where he came suddenly upon Pickins, the stock broker, who appeared so struck at the sight of him, that he stopped short and looked at him leisurely from head to foot. He had scarcely passed Mr. Pickins, and emerged into State street, when he encountered Alderman Tubbs and Major Swallowmore. These worthies simultaneously directed their eyes toward Mr. Boxall with such earnestness that he began to feel quite alarmed. His alarm increased when he saw Deacon Slouch and Colonel Coppernose coming down the street directly toward him, with uncommon knowing looks. He made a bolt round the corner of the old State House, but met others in his way who stared and stared. Every body looked cannon balls at him, and the unfortunate man, after running up and down street for a quarter of an hour, and finding himself the "observed of all observers," actually put his hand up to his face in great affright, lest he should find his nose had dropped off. Nothing less, he thought, could have made him the object of all these mysterious starings. But, as far as his fingers could ascertain, no part of that prominent feature was wanting; and Mr. Boxall, in utter amazement, rushed into the Tornado Insurance Office. Here he took up a newspaper to calm his agitated thoughts, when his eye lighted upon the following paragraph:

"*Munificent Bequest.*—We are gratified to learn that a donation of Fifty Dollars has been made by Benjamin Boxall, Esq., of this city, to the Patch and Heeltap Charitable Society. The generous donor is entitled to the grateful thanks of the community," &c. &c.

Here was the mystery solved in an instant! That old Mr. Boxall should give away fifty dollars was surely enough to make all Boston stare; and Mr. Boxall himself had a sort of awkward consciousness that the thing was a phenomenon. "But how," quoth he to himself, "could the printer have made such a mistake?" He ran straightway to Mrs. Fidgett, First Directress of the Patch and Heeltap.

"What a mistake they *have* made!" he exclaimed.

"No mistake, I hope," she replied. "The money is laid out economically, and the accounts will appear in the next semi-annual report."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Boxall, "do you think that I—"

"Oh, Mr. Boxall, don't mention it; sure we are much obliged to you for such an act of generosity; and I am certain you will have a reward. I wish you could see the dear little ragged children! Won't you go with me and pay them a visit?"

"Thank ye, ma'am, no," exclaimed Mr. Boxall, in considerable trepidation at the tho't of having a real demand made upon his charity; and with these words he made his escape, muttering to himself, "mistake or not, 'tis their affair and not mine."

It was about a week afterward, and Mr. Boxall had quite forgotten the incident, when he happened to be passing down Winter street, and was accosted by Dr. Worrywell, the Recording Secretary of the Society for the civilization of the Heathen and Representatives. The Doctor caught Mr. Boxall by the hand, with a look of the most grateful and respectful deference.

"Mr. Boxall, I feel highly gratified at what the papers say this morning, but really, I hope you will remember us the next time."

"Really, Doctor, I don't understand you."

"Oh ho! Mr. Boxall, you are one of those noble souls who 'do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.' Well, I like that. Five hundred dollars, to be sure, is nothing to a man of your money; and *if* you should have another five hundred to spare—mark—I only say, if you should—I think without any self-conceit, or egotistical exaggeration, that *our* Society, would at least come next to the Bachelors' Orphans."

Mr. Boxall, in great amazement, stood looking at the Doctor's face during this incomprehensible harangue, which the speaker finished by drawing a newspaper from his pocket, and exclaiming, "see how neatly they've set you out for it." Mr. Boxall could hardly believe his eyes when he read as follows:

"*Generous Donation.*—It gives us the most heartfelt pleasure to be able to inform our readers, that Benjamin Boxall, Esq., who no longer ago than last week made the liberal donation of fifty dollars to one of the charitable societies of this city, has this week presented the generous sum of five hundred to the funds of that praiseworthy institution, the 'Asylum for Bachelor's Orphans,'" etc. etc.

All which was followed by the set phrases which always do duty when a rich man gives away a few little bits of paper.

"How in the name of nature!" exclaimed old Boxall, in utter amazement, "how in the name of nature could they?"

"Ah! how *could* they find it out?" echoed the Doctor, with a knowing chuckle. "But they *can* find such things out, and they will find them out. There's no help for it."

Mr. Boxall got rid of the Doctor as well as he could, and made his way home, where he immediately wrote a note to the President of the Bachelors' Orphan Association, demanding an explanation. His increased astonishment can only be imagined at receiving an answer from that high functionary, thanking him in the politest manner for his liberal donation, and regretting most profoundly that any publicity should have been given to the affair. "But since the newspapers have got hold of it," he added, "Mr. Boxall must, notwithstanding his modesty, reconcile himself to the circumstance of seeing his noble deeds blazoned before the eyes of a grateful world," &c.

Nothing could surpass the perplexity of Mr. Boxall at these singular proceedings. People about town were talking of them, too, as if they were matters of public notoriety. "Am I awake, or asleep?" and then he called to mind that he had been known to walk in his sleep! "Merciful powers!" he exclaimed, "have I really given away all this money in my sleep?"

A train of the most startling thoughts now rushed through his brain, as he called to mind all the fearful anecdotes of sleep-walking, of which he had read in the newspapers. Such strange things as people had been known to do in their sleep! A story, too, came to his memory, which he had heard of his aunt Jady Keturah, a maiden lady of unimpeachable veracity, how she got up in her sleep one Sunday night in the middle of January, and did all her washing—eighteen pair of sheets, four table cloths, twenty-seven shirts, nineteen pair of stockings, not to mention towels, collars, caps, &c., without number—and went to bed again without once waking up! Nothing could exceed the alarm which fell upon Mr. Boxall, as he thought of this veracious narrative. "It is too true!" he exclaimed, I certainly *do* walk in my sleep; it runs in the family; 'tis a hereditary disease. I must send for the doctor and get cured."

Two or three days pondering upon the matter, somewhat reconciled him to the loss of five hundred and fifty dollars; for he had dismal suspicions that the money was gone. Alas! on the fourth day he received official information that he had presented the enormous sum of one thousand dollars to the fund for the Lazybone lectures! His horror and despair at this news had not half subsided, when a special committee waited upon him with a vote of thanks for the splendid bequest of five thousand dollars to the Society for the diffusion of Useless Knowledge! Mr. Boxall fell down in a swoon at this honor, and when brought to himself, vowed that he was an incurable sleep-walker, and ruined forever.

It is needless to describe various other acts of princely generosity, the honors of which came thick and fast upon him. At last, one morning while reading the newspaper, after breakfast, he was observed suddenly to drop the sheet on the floor, clasp his hands together, and roll up his eyes with a look of utter despair. The servant picked up the paper, and read the following among the advertisements:

*Information Wanted.*—Whereas, my son Jos. Boxall, left his home on the first day of April last, and has not since been heard of, I hereby offer a reward of Twenty Thousand Dollars to any person who will return him to me, or give such intelligence as will lead to his discovery.

BENJAMIN BOXALL.

*No. 9, Squeezebone Alley, Boston.*

This was a thunder-stroke! Twenty thousand dollars—and he *must* pay it, for he had certainly done all this in his sleep, and could not get clear of the obligation. It would be of no avail to say that he never made the promise with his eyes open—for who would believe him? Besides every body knew Joe to be his only son, and though he did not value him at twenty thousand dollars, every body would say he *ought* to value him as high as this; public opinion would force him to pay it. Such were the comfortable reflections of old Boxall, as he brooded over this brimming addition to his cup of calamities. There was indeed one possibility—dared he name it to himself?—his son might be dead!

Whether the worthy old gentleman really did console himself with the hope, I will not pretend to say. He certainly did think of it; and just as he was most deeply in thought, he heard a voice of some one coming up the stairs, exclaiming, "I've found him! I've found him! here he is!" Old Boxall gave a tremendous jump upon his heels at this sound—but whether from joy, surprise, or despair, I will not pretend to judge. The door flew open, and a young lady entered, leading Mr. Joseph Boxall by the hand. "Here is your lost child, Mr. Boxall," she exclaimed, "'tis I who have found him. Heaven be praised for his safe return!"

The old miser stood aghast, but Joe understood his part, and threw himself at his father's feet. The young lady wept. She was handsome and interesting, so that Joe could not help weeping too. What was strange, they seemed to know each other's way well—they sympathised so naturally! Two such interesting persons were able to melt the heart of the old miser, albeit unused to the melting mood; he actually rubbed his eyes. However, we must bear in mind he *was* a father. The truth is, he was taken by surprise, and either *did* feel moved, or could not avoid appearing so.

"And now for the reward!" said the lady, with a look of as much innocence as if she had no hand in the plot.

"Ugh! ugh!" exclaimed old Boxall, "what? the twenty thou—surely you don't mean—"

"Honor bright, Mr. Boxall, I did find him."

"Yes, she did," echoed Joe, "she did find me—I'll swear to it. There's no getting off."

"What—twenty thousand dollars? What a monstrous sum! only think. Really, I am very thankful to you, young lady, for restoring me my son—but twenty thousand dollars—consider—what a loss for me!"

"Loss!" rejoined the son; "now I've just thought of a way to save the whole of it!"

"How?" cried old Boxall, eagerly, and his eyes sparkling at the idea of saving twenty thousand dollars.

"Suppose I marry the lady, and then the money won't go out of the family."

The old man looked hard at his son, as if struck with the ingenuity of the thought. He then looked at the young lady, who was blushing like sunset. "It's worth saving," said he, "and if a bargain could be made on fair terms, considering that the demand—"

"Prithee, father," said Joe, "only hand me over the money, and I'll agree to quiet the claimant."

"Well, you shall have it; but won't she discount something?"

"Yes, with my note of hand, and myself as *collateral.*"

I have only to add that the wedding followed as soon as possible, and Mr. Boxall paid over the twenty thousand with some grumbling. However, they both insisted it was as good as saved, and I imagine the old miser half thought so. Whether he ever found out the trick which the young couple practiced upon him with the newspapers and the societies, I cannot say. But he has not been known to walk in his sleep since, much less to give away money.

PLATO COMPLAINED that he could not bring over the inhabitants of one village to live by the rules of his philosophy. But how many millions have been reformed and renewed by the doctrines of the cross!—*Jay.*

# Biography.

## A DAUGHTER OF PHILADELPHIA.

We find in the New Orleans Bulletin, the following honorable testimony, not more laudatory than just, to the memory of one who was well known personally to a large circle of our elder inhabitants, and by the reputation of her good works to all Philadelphians.

Mrs. Phebe Hunter, relict of the late Dr. George Hunter, was born in the county of Philadelphia, in the year 1760—she was of the family of Bryants, long and most favorably known in the annals of that time honored city; and she belonged to the denomination of Christians known as Friends. At an early period of her married life, it was her happiness, as she has been often heard to remark, to be intimately acquainted with Dr. Franklin, who was a "next door neighbor" and friend of her husband; and many of her friends have delighted to believe that much of her own practical wisdom and proverbial good sense, may have received early bias, encouragement, and strength, from associations so honored and so elevated, and that the seeds thus early sown in good ground, soon sprung up, yielding more than a hundred fold.

Dr. Hunter is known to have been distinguished for his general intelligence and enterprise, which were successfully developed in early and intrepid voyages to the coasts of Mexico, and to different islands in the West Indies.

His forecast early satisfied him of the advantages and importance to his family of residence in New Orleans, and he arrived there with his family just at the period when the banners of Peace floated over the standard of Louisiana, and he survived nearly ten years honored and respected.

The distinguished features of the character of Mrs. Hunter were sincerity and simplicity, and so beautifully were they displayed in every word and deed of her life, that they at once attracted and surrounded her with the affections of the young, and the admiration of the aged; and it was her happiness and singular good fortune to preserve this enviable and elevated position, throughout her long and well spent life.

Over a being thus constituted the most benevolent impulses may well be supposed to have exercised a constant and controlling influence, and hence it is known that shortly after she came to this city, she interested herself and friends in the establishment of a Female Orphan Society, since known as the Poydras Female Orphan Asylum—and from that period almost to the day of her death, she literally consecrated her life to the welfare of the Institution. It was her holy office, as is aptly expressed in the Constitution of the Society, "to seek out and examine into the circumstances and claims of indigent Orphans and Widows," and thousands nourished by her bounty, saved from ruin by her example and counsel, and efficient aid, have risen up to call her *blessed!* It is not trespassing on the boundaries of truth and propriety to express the opinion that the impulse thus given by Mrs. Hunter has since caused the establishment and incorporation in the city of New Orleans, of five other asylums for the relief of the destitute orphans, of whom more than one hundred surrounded her remains, and in sadness and in tears gazed for the last time on the loved face of her whom they had only known as a mother.

Her singleness of heart and uniform consistent devotion to the great cause of benevolence, were not, with her, sudden impulses; nor were they alone displayed in this city of her adoption. The same holy zeal and well directed efforts had been displayed in Philadelphia, where her name, always associated and always engaged in every benevolent enterprise, was as extensively known and reverenced, as in New Orleans.

It is well recollected by the aged inhabitants of Philadelphia, as a historical fact in the annals of that city, that when the Yellow Fever prevailed there as a desolating epidemic, in the years 1793 and '98, Mrs. Hunter was constantly seen, by day and by night, silently visiting, as an angel of mercy, the doors of the poor and friendless invaded by the pestilence, ministering not only with her own hands to the relief and comfort of the suffering, but gratuitously and bountifully distributing, from her own resources, all needful aid, in those forms most needed by the suffering and the poor; medical and pecuniary relief were extended and were carried to every house where, within the wide circle of her acquaintance, there was poverty or distress.

The memory of this excellent lady is embalmed in the hearts of a host of surviving friends. To them all, it has been a source of inexpressible gratification, that while her life was prolonged beyond the usual limit of human existence, her health, until a very recent period, had been uninterruptedly good—that her mental faculties were unclouded, and that her usefulness, both in action and in counsel, was continued unbroken, until the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl at the fountain broken; and that then, as they humbly hope, her spirit returned to God who gave it!

The following resolutions were passed at a meeting of the Poydras Orphan Asylum:

A special meeting of the "Female Orphan Society," of this city, was convened at the Poydras Asylum, Jan. 11th, 1844, for the purpose of commemorating the great loss the Society has sustained in the death of its able and beloved President, Mrs. Hunter. The meeting being called to order, the following preamble and resolutions were submitted by Mrs. Mary Luzenburg, and unanimously adopted by the Board:

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty, in his wisdom, to remove from this Society its chief ornament and guide, from the desolate orphan a friend and mother, and from this community a bright example, by the death of our beloved, venerated First Directress: we, therefore, in humble acquiescence to that Almighty fiat, this day assembled round this board, (so often cheered by her presence and counsel,) to commemorate her virtues, and to deplore this afflictive dispensation—to lament that we shall no more be aided by her judicious guidance, her affectionate counsel, no more be cheered by her meek and gentle presence.

The simplicity and truth of her character, her strength of judgment, her untiring perseverance in well doing, her single-heartedness, and devotion to the afflicted portion of the human family, place her character in bright relief before this community, where, for a period of nearly thirty years, her unobtrusive, yet effective works of mercy and charity, have caused her memory to be venerated, and associated with all that is bright and holy in our nature, and to be embalmed in thousands of humble hearts, from which arose daily aspirations to that common Father and Friend (who seeth when a sparrow falls) for blessings upon her and those who were dear to her.

But, neither the orphan's prayer, the aspirations of the humble, the sincerity of filial devotion, the respect and admiration of thousands, could all "avert the inevitable hour." She has finished her course, and rests from her labors; the place that has known her, shall know her no more!

To us, who have enjoyed the privilege of her society and confidence, the memory of that pure, bright character, bearing the stamp of truth and christian love, shall be a talisman to the faithful discharge of our duties, not only in this responsible trust, but in all the duties of life—"They mourn the dead who live as they desire." Therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That this Society deplore the loss of our venerated and beloved First Directress; that we deeply appreciate the many virtues of her character; and that we consider her death a calamity to this Society, to the whole family of orphans, and to this community.

*Resolved*, That we truly and earnestly sympathise with her afflicted family in this heavy bereavement, and trust that the solemn truth, that "their works do follow them," may afford consolation while they mourn the death of the righteous.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be inserted in the minutes of our Society, and that a copy be transmitted by the Secretary to the afflicted family of our departed friend.

Published by order of the Board.
C. M. PRITCHARD, Secretary.

## COMMODORE KENNEDY.

The following notice of the late Commodore Kennedy, is copied from the Norfolk Beacon.

Commodore Kennedy was born in Dorchester county, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, on the 22d of February, 1779, and was of one of the most respectable families of that State. When very young, hardly more than fifteen years of age, being of an enterprising and adventurous spirit, he ran away from home and joined the merchant service, and made several voyages previous to the early part of '98, when he made a voyage with Capt. Flagg to South America. This gentleman, having been appointed a lieutenant in the navy, carried young Kennedy with him on board the John Adams as an ordinary seaman, where he remained five or six months in the capacity of captain of the fore top, when he was appointed a midshipman, by Capt. Cross. On his arrival at Charleston, in 1801, being obliged to quit the navy, with most of the officers, in consequence of the peace establishment, he rejoined the merchant service as mate of a ship bound to Holland, Captain Prince. On his return he made a voyage to Philadelphia in the ship Packet, Capt. Gardner, whence he sailed as mate for the West Indies, in the schr. Maria, and returned to New York in the brig Eliza and Mary, as commander, the brig belonging to Butler & Wheeler.

After this he made a voyage as mate in an English ship bound to Nova Scotia and St. David's Straits, and thence to the West Indies again, where he was pressed on board a man-of-war, the frigate Amphion, from which he effected his escape and arrived at Philadelphia, some time in 1802 or '3, in the brig Polly, Capt. Lord. In 1803, however, at the instigation of Lieuts. Spence and Maxwell, the latter of whom had been a messmate of his on board the J. Adams, he again entered the navy as gunner's mate on board the U. S. brig Lynx, Capt. Stewart, with fair promises from the officers that they would use their influence to get him advanced, in consideration of his former services, and that they would inform his friends and relatives of his situation. He was in all the attacks upon, and at the bombardment of Tripoli, a volunteer in the destruction of the frigate Philadelphia in that harbor, and was blown up in the attack upon the batteries on the 4th August, 1804, for his gallantry and coolness on which occasion he was promoted after the action to a midshipman by Capt. Stewart, (now Commodore Stewart,) and in 1838, received a splendid sword from the State of Maryland.

At Syracuse he was transferred to the Essex frigate, and again, in Carthage Bay, he was transferred to the Constitution, under the command, in both ships, of Com. Stewart. In 1805 he returned home to the Washington yard, and received his warrant, through the hands of Capt. Stewart, after which he never acted as a midshipman, but was immediately appointed acting lieutenant by the Secretary of the Navy, with orders to the frigate New York, then lying at Washington. This ship having been put out of commission, he was furloughed for six months, after which he was ordered as first lieut. to the brig Franklin, 12 guns, (J. Earle, commander,) destined for New Orleans, with Capt. J. D. Henley, Major Cammack of the marines, and other officers, and detachment of marines on board for the Orleans station. About this time he was sent by Com. Shaw and Gen. Wilkinson, across Lake Ponchartrain, to make inquiries concerning Col. Burr's movements in that quarter. On his return from this duty he joined the Franklin and sailed for Washington, where he arrived in 1806 '7. But returning to New Orleans almost immediately, in the same vessel, he received orders from Com. Shaw to proceed in a gun boat and survey the coast from the Bayou St. John in Lake Ponchartrain, along the coast and rivers, which he did satisfactorily, and returned in 1808. In 1809 he was ordered by the Secretary of the Navy as first lieut. of the cutter rigged vessel, the "Ferret," 12 guns.

In 1814, he was ordered to report to Com. Perry for the command of one of the brigs belonging to his flying squadron, but having received a short leave from him at New York to make a visit home, before it expired peace was proclaimed between Great Britain and the United States. In 1815, he received a furlough to make an East India voyage, and took command of the brig Brazilian for London. He returned in 1816, and was ordered to Malaga with despatches for Mr. Irvin, in 1817, in the store ship Geo. Long, bound for Mahon. At Gibraltar he went on board the U. States ship Alert, and eventually took passage in her for Mahon, where he received his commission as commander and was ordered by Com. Chauncey to the command of sloop Alert—and returned in her to the U. States during the same year. In 1818 he was appointed captain of the navy yard, at Gosport.

In 1830, he was ordered to the frigate Brandywine, (Sept.) In Oct., he sailed for the Mediterranean, and upon his arrival at Mahon, was transferred to the frigate Java. 1835, 6, 7, he was in command of the E. I. and Asiatic squadron—and part of '37, for about six months, in command of the Pacific squadron, making a successful cruise round the world, and was relieved by Commodore Ballard in the ship of the line North Carolina. In '38 he was appointed to the ordnance, and '42 received the appointment of port captain of this station, having his flag on board the Pennsylvania, 120, where it now floats at half mast.

Commodore K. was a remarkable man, in many respects—with the advantage of a highly polished education, it is almost impossible to conceive any pursuit in life in which he might not have attained excellence. His tastes for music, painting, drawing and the fine arts in general, were excellent. He was fertile in expedients, being of an inventive and somewhat speculative order of mind. Fond of reading, and with powers of observation naturally good, the variety and extent of his travels contributed also to store his mind with a fund of information on almost every topic.

He possesses the pen of a ready writer, and the eye of a finished painter. He was particularly remarkable for attaching animals of all kinds to him, and in his relations on ship board always carried with him the attachment of his officers, and the devotion of his crew. In his private relations he was irreproachable. He scarcely bore a resentment and was without an enemy. His heart was indeed the cradle of the kindliest affections, where sometimes, too, his better judgment leaning too much was apt to be rocked asleep.

# Foreign Intelligence.

THREE DAYS LATER.

By the arrival at New York, of the Havre packet, Silore de Grasse, intelligence three days later has been received from the continent of Europe.

The most important intelligence received is the return of the ex-Queen Christina to Spain. This may be most important intelligence—as her presence in the country was undoubtedly brought about by some movement of a party in Spain—or it may be unimportant intelligence, as before this time she may have gone back again.

There is no news of importance from France. The ministry appears more firmly established than any previous one for many years, and even counts upon permanence for several years to come.

A bill was about to be brought forward, and would probably pass, authorizing the Bank of France to issue notes of the denomination of 250 francs.

A line of French mail steamers was about to be established between Marseilles, Malta, and Alexandria.

The Universal German Gazette states from Bonn, in Prussia, that an address of congratulation to Mr. O'Connell, is getting up in several towns of Germany, and that the lists of names are to be sent to Professor Walter, of Bonn, to be forwarded by him to Mr. O'Connell.

Some arrests are said to have been made, of subalterns in one of the regiments forming the garrison of Paris; but no information is given of the cause.

Subscriptions were talked of, for the purchase of a sword, to be presented to Admiral Dupetit Thouars. The Ministerial papers ridicule the idea.

Accounts from Stockholm, of February 20, were that the King of Sweden was a little better, but his condition was still very precarious.

Letters from Alicant, of February 20, says that the bombardment of the town was commenced, partially on that day. Provisions were becoming scarce, the blockade being kept up, and it was thought that the insurgents would surrender before many days.

A Madrid letter of the 24th states, that the wife of Bonet, the head of the insurrection at Alicant, who resided at Teruel, has been arrested and thrown into a dungeon.

Letters from Groitz of the 24th of February, says that the Duke D'Angouleme had undergone another crisis, the results of which were alarming.

A rumor was current at Vienna of an approaching marriage between the Archduke Stephen, and the Princess Olga, daughter of the Emperor of Russia.

M. de Guersonnaire, supposed to be the oldest man in Europe, reached his 116th year on the 29th of February. His health was very good.

Intelligence from Bombay, to Feb. 1st, has been received, via Gibraltar. In the month previous, two battles between the British forces and the natives, took place in the Mahrattas district. The Bombay paper says:

The enemy were the first to commence hostilities, by firing on the baggage party under Col. Sleeman, on the 26th of Dec., and then on a reconnoitering party sent out on the 28th. The right wing of our army, under the immediate command of his Excellency Sir H. Gough, attacked the Mahrattas in their position of Mahrajpool, while our left wing under Major General Grey, did so at Punniar, and gained a complete victory over them. Our loss, however, on these occasions, has been very severe—the list amounting to 141 killed and 866 wounded; that of the enemy amounts to between 4,000 and 5,000 in killed and wounded, with the loss of 50 pieces of artillery.

The fort of Gwalior shortly after surrendered to us, and some of the principal chiefs came in and tendered submission.

In Scinde, matters are much the same. The troops, however, are recovering from their sickness; at Hydrabad little improvement had been observed; but at Sukkur the condition of our men was much more favorable. India throughout is peaceful.

Our China intelligence reaches to the 28th of December, but is of little interest.


# United States SATURDAY POST.

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Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 13, 1844.


## NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

Mr. J. R. Weldin is our Agent at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

He must be an ascetic indeed, who cannot enjoy such lovely weather as we have "at this present writing," always provided that his tabernacle is in healthy condition, and the keeper of his household, Master Conscience, not in arrears. It is *the* season for enjoyment. The *bilious* complaints of January, and the month or two following, are over, and as we have ceased, with the winter, to look back at last year's summer and autumn, so have we forgotten last year's bills. The blood bounds with a freer motion through the veins—the heart is lifted in sympathy with the vernal music—hope looks forward to the fast approaching delights of early fruits and flowers, and we poor cits just give the pavements a heartier stamp as we go over them, and think of the week or two we are to have in the country by and bye. Happy they who can always live where the pleasures of the season come to them, instead of being obliged to pack themselves like merchandize, and be shaken over iron roads, or steamed in sea-sick-ish, cook-shop-ish boats, in pursuit of a peep at "nature unadorned"—trees not clipped by system—paths not laid out in geometric diagrams—flowers not stuck in pots—milk-maids, cows, calves, hens, and fresh eggs and new milk! Oh! like Mr. Willis's heroine in one of the best of his Magazine sketches—we "were born to love pigs and chickens," and our vocation comes most distinctly over us when—the weather is pleasant! The cows and squirrels may at other times keep the country, and we would not dispute their possession, though rough and smooth, bitter and sweet, stormy and pleasant, the "general average" is vastly in favor of the cheerful competence and manly independence of the Farmer.

It is almost too early to be talking of next Fall's crops, and yet we find some of our country newspaper contemporaries are promising us good ones, already. Nobody with half a soul, however, could do less than prophesy well, in the Spring. It is the time of promise; and faithless curmudgeons who do not participate in its sentiment, ought to live in Nova Zembla, or some other place where the climate would be in sympathy with their dispositions.

Among things agreeable, one of the most pleasant is the discovery which appears to have been made abroad, and which, still better has been made and is now felt at home, that Pennsylvania has neither sunk nor evaporated; that she has not disappeared bodily, nor slipped away in detachments—but the sound, sturdy, honest, enterprising old Key Stone State, is here yet. Her coal, and iron, and marble, and manufactures, her thrifty and industrious people, her decided and constant American feeling, will probably be taken a little more into calculation now, in estimating the value of the dollar in her promises. *Slow* in coming it may have been, but it will most assuredly be found in the end to overrun rather than fall below the hundred cents. The disposition shown by our Legislature not to go home until their work is done, is earnest of the intentions of the people, as represented in their legislators; and the thoughtful and sagacious have no longer a doubt of the taking of prompt measures to defend the character, and substantiate the solvency of the Commonwealth.

That tangled "skein of yarn," the Texan annexation question is still undecided; and the entire paper could not contain all the contradictory rumors, and stories, pertinent and impertinent, which are in circulation respecting the matter. A most economical and penurious stratum of fact serves a Washington rumor-monger for the base of a large structure of rumor—all of which "can be relied upon;" and the reader is driven to the conclusion of King James, of pedantic memory, concerning lawyers in his day—that these "reliable rumors" are uttered by people who *lie* and *relie* all round. *All* cannot be right. Who is wrong?

There is no doubt that Mr. Tyler, himself, makes the measure a pet one; and it is asserted that he even intends to be put in nomination on Texas and Oregon. The cabinet are said, three of them, at least, to favor the measure. In the shape of a treaty it cannot pass the present Senate; and in no shape do the politicians wish the matter forced upon them until after the next Presidential election. Meanwhile Texas is as busy as her friends in the United States. One plan in agitation there is to join Arkansas or Louisiana, and then claim admission into the Union, as part and parcel of the Union, wrongfully alienated. But there is another scheme in Texas for settling the trouble at once, and expeditiously. They, the Texans, to wit, say that in case our Senate refuses to ratify the bill for annexation, that the Senate of Texas will at once annex the United States to that republic. As there is no such thing as getting round a movement of this kind, we must look upon the question as settled; and no Presidential candidate can make or lose capital by such a disposition.

## DRY DOCK.

With the strong claims of this city to the establishment of a Dry Dock here, it is very strange that Congress has never yet seen fit to do its duty in making the appropriation and authorizing the work. A minority of the Committee on Naval Affairs have made a report in which they declare their belief that it is expedient for the government to build a dry dock at this port, and show some very conclusive reasons for such a conviction. As a general proposition they believe that an efficient naval service requires a dry dock, at least for repair, at each of the principal navy yards, but there are urgent reasons, independent of this, why one should be built at Philadelphia. It is the only inland station in the country, and therefore the only one secure from sudden attacks from hostile fleets. The public records also prove the superiority and excellence of the workmanship at this navy yard, the cheapness of the labor, the skill of the mechanics, and the successful construction of many of the best ships in the service. On the score of economy alone, a matter which ought to commend itself to the members who are so zealous for retrenchment, a dry dock should be built here. There are other reasons of as much force, such as the purity of the water, a protection from the worm, the depth of water amply sufficient for vessels of the largest size, and the intermediate position of the Philadelphia yard between Norfolk and Charlestown, which have all been repeatedly urged and never denied, which render this one of the most desirable places in the Union for constructing such a public work.

## A GREAT INSTITUTION.

We learn from the Boston Transcript, that the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association has purchased the Mansion House and Boott Estate in Bowdoin Square, for the sum of $46,000 for the purpose of the erection of a hall for the uses of the Association and for other purposes. The estate comprises about 17,000 feet of land; and could not be in better hands for the public benefit.

## DEATH OF PROFESSOR SANDERSON.

A sudden chill of sorrow was thrown over the large circle of the friends and admirers of John Sanderson, when on Friday week the unexpected announcement of his death met the eye in the public print. Hardly a week before, his familiar smile had exchanged greetings with the many to whose daily salutations his welcome face was more than that of a mere acquaintance. Once to know him was to feel toward him as a friend—and though the even current of his life was too placid to give him space in the actual bustle of the age—yet the unobtrusive gentleman—the modest scholar—the charming wit—the kind and amiable man, seemed more a necessary part of the daily world than those who challenge the attention and admiration which came to him unsought.

Mr. Sanderson was a native of Carlisle, in this State. At the time of his decease he was professor of Classics in the Central High School. He was a thorough scholar, and had made his erudition minister to the study of the English tongue. He had a work in preparation on the etymology and history of the English language, which was looked for with great expectation by those who knew his eminent fitness for the work. He had also in contemplation a work of a lighter cast, to be called "The American in London," intended as a counterpart to his "American in Paris," published some years ago, together with several other projects of a literary character. But death has put a sudden stop to all his earthly labors. He died at his residence in Schuylkill Seventh street, near Locust, on the morning of the 5th, after a brief illness of less than a week, aged 58 years.

Among the many notices which this event has called forth, we have seen none more beautiful and appropriate than the following in the Philadelphia Gazette. The initials will readily be recognised as those of a gentleman probably better acquainted with American authors and American literature, than any other man in this country.

John Sanderson was a man of genius, a man of talent, a man of feeling. He was a Philadelphian, and by his life and writings he added to the good reputation of his country. To natural abilities of a high order, he united a calm chaste scholarship, an intimate knowledge of mankind, a singularly amiable disposition, and a frank and high bred courtesy. His departure is lamented not alone by those who enjoy his society and his friendship; he is mourned by our republic of letters; America, as well as our city, has lost one of her most accomplished sons.

Mr. Sanderson has long been known as a writer. His first publication was the collection of Memoirs of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, in nine octavo volumes—a work embracing a vast amount of original and authentic information; and his last, excepting contributions to the literary journals, was "The American in Paris."

He was a man of most excellent humor, blending happily the characteristics of Rabelias and Sterne and Lamb. When with his chosen associates, we doubt whether even Coleridge was more entertaining or instructive. Turn to his Parisian letters, and see the union of wit and humor, of playful satire and nice observation, which pervade them. Examine all the pleasant books of travel, of which this age has been so prolific, and answer whether they have been surpassed.

"You know Sanderson," we said a few weeks since to a French Deputy, who was travelling here. "Know John Sanderson! I derived from him my knowledge of Paris." "But you are a Parisian?" "*Je ne sache pas qu il y ait eu un Francais qui ait plus connu Paris et son monde.*" In that home of the gay, the brilliant and the profound, of all that in life or art attracts the man of genius, or learning, or taste, Mr. Sanderson was the favored guest of the most celebrated savans many and wits, of whom since his return to the United States, have waited anxiously for his restoration to their circles. And he himself looked forward with happy anticipations to the renewal of his old friendships. In a few months he was to reoccuy his apartments in the Rue de Rivoli. "There," he said to the writer of these recollections but a week ago, "there with congenial spirits I shall spend the residue of my days." How much those friends will sorrow when they learn that John Sanderson is no more!

He was a wit; he had a most delicate perception of the beautiful, and a keen sense of the ludicrous; but those who knew him can tell with what care he directed his powers. He never summoned a shadow to any face, or permitted a weight to lie on any heart. He was as amiable as he was brilliant. He was no man of the world. He knew society, its selfishness and want of honor, but he looked upon it less in anger than in sadness. He was no cynic, no Heraclitus; he deemed it wisest to laugh at the follies of mankind. Through all his experience, he lost none of his natural urbanity, his freshness of feeling, his earnestness and sincerity.

The late Theodore Hook, the first humorist and most celebrated bon vivant of our day, was employed by his publisher to edit Mr. Sanderson's "American in Paris." He read it, adapted it as well as he could to the English market, and returned it with the observation that "there was never a book which suffered more from slightest change." Had the author devoted the chief portion of his time to letters, he would have been little less distinguished in the same department than his famous friend. But he lived a quieter and happier life: he died a happier death; suddenly, but in a *home*, and with his friends about him. R. W. G.

## NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

Our last week's notice brought the proceedings of the National Institute down to Tuesday. On Wednesday morning Prof. J. G. Morris, of Baltimore, read an interesting paper on the past and present state of Entomology in the United States. Prof. R. S. McCulloch, late of Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, followed next, in some brief extemporaneous remarks on the very interesting subject of planetary perturbations. Mr. William B. Hodgson, of Georgia, then read a paper of great interest on the megatherioidal fossils of the Atlantic coast of Georgia, which he described rapidly but clearly. He also presented to the Institute, accompanied by some interesting remarks, a valuable work entitled *Crania Egyptiaca*, from the pen of Samuel George Morton, M. D., of Philadelphia. Some of the conclusions arrived at in this work are that the valley of the Nile was peopled by Caucasian races: that negroes were, in all historic periods, numerous in Egypt, and their condition, relative to the white race, was then that of servants and slaves, that the physical distinctions of race are as old as the earliest records of man.

Dr. Morris next read a paper prepared by Professor E. Foreman, of Baltimore, who could not attend in person, on domestic exchanges in natural history and geology. The session of the morning was closed by Capt. A. Mordecai, of the United States Ordnance Corps, who read a valuable paper explanatory of a ballistic pendulum constructed at the Washington Arsenal for experiments in gunnery.

The exercises of Wednesday evening were commenced by Professor Bache, superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, who, in a very lucid and comprehensive review of "the History of Science in Europe and America," commanded the attention of his audience for more than an hour. He was followed by Professor Jacobs, of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, who read a paper on "the Indian Summer." To him succeeded Dr. A. D. Chaloner, of Philadelphia, who gave a minute and interesting account of the "Petrified Forest near Cairo, in Egypt, discovered by Monsieur Linant, Chief Engineer and Hydrographer to the Pacha."

On Thursday morning Peter A. Browne, Esq., of Philadelphia, delivered an address on "an improved method of teaching the natural sciences." Professor W. W. Mather, of Ohio, delivered a discourse "on the physical geology of the United States." Professor C. Gill, of Flushing, New York, read an interesting memoir "on the improvement of mathematical science, and the consequent advancement of the natural sciences."

In the evening President Nott, of Union College, N. Y., read a paper on the Origin, Duration, and End of the World. He was followed by Professor J. H. Agnew, of New York, on the Glacier System, or Period of Agassez, a new and somewhat extraordinary theory introduced by M. Agassez.

On Friday a paper was read by Prof. Locke, of Cincinnati, on the Meteorology, &c., of Lake Superior. Prof. N. A. Norton, of Delaware, read a paper on the Nebular Hypothesis. Capt. W. H. Swift delivered a very able paper entitled "A description of the base line of Rhode Island, measured in the year 1834, for the survey of the coast of the United States." He was followed by Dr. Sewall, of Washington, with an essay on the design and utility of the medical department of the National Institute.

On Saturday the exercises of the morning were opened by F. J. Grund, of Philadelphia, who read an eloquent and very interesting paper "on the Modern Historical Schools of France and Germany, and the Philosophy of History." Professor Bache then read a paper by Professor J. W. Bailey, of West Point Academy, "on the Fossil Polythamia of the United States." The reading of this paper was followed by one of W. R. Johnson, of Philadelphia, "on the scientific character and researches of the late James Smithson." Professor Bache appeared again on the rostrum with a paper from the pen of the Rev. James Curley, of Georgetown College, being a description of a meridian circle for the observatory of that old and celebrated institution. Dr. William H. Van Buren, of the United States Army, then delivered an essay "on the effects of quinine on the human system as a remedial agent." The exercises of this highly interesting meeting were closed by an address from Dr. J. R. W. Dunbar, of Baltimore, "on the importance of physiology as a branch of general education."

The Institute closed its session on Monday, Hon. Mr. Spencer making some very appropriate remarks. In the morning, Mr. John Tyler, Jr., read an admirable paper on the Franklinian theory of electricity, which showed a vast deal of application to a very interesting pursuit, and to science in general. In the evening, Professor Patterson, of Philadelphia, and the Hon. Alexander H. Everett, had a very large audience. President Tyler did not come down to close the exercises; but the Hon. John Quincy Adams presided in the morning, and assured the members of the Institute of his hearty co-operation with their noble cause.

## TRANSCENDENTALISM.

There is no part of the country where the modern fog school of philosophy, called sometimes "transcendentalism" gets harder hits than in New England; and the Yankee wits have shown, perhaps, more true humor in this matter than in almost any thing else. A German book recently fell into the hands of somebody in Boston, in which book one "Seatsfield" is eulogised enormously, as an American writer. Who *is* Seatsfield? was asked on all hands, and echo answered, Who? At last somebody more apt than the rest at penetrating grindstones discovered that the German intended the name only as a generic for American writers in the gross, though what it *means* is more than we can undertake to say. Seatsfield is the personification of American literature. The matter, however, has given a mad wag in the Boston Courier the opportunity to perpetrate one of the pleasantest pieces of fun which we have seen in many a day. Here it is. It is only necessary to say in introduction that the city of Hull contains five legal voters, and by pipelaying may be made to throw ten votes.

Seatsfield being the greatest American author, must of course be the greatest Hull author. He is one of us born and nurtured in our free Hullonian air. He has gained him a name and a fame by his own native Hullonian genius; and *that* name and *that* fame extend from Skull Hill to Calf Island, and from Skowhegan to Cutty Hunk.

If you will take the trouble to look into the ninth volume of Kallendar's Antiquities of Hull, you will find "all about" the Seatsfields. They are cotemporaries of the ancestors of Christophero Sly, and "came in with Richard Conqueror." Our poet's great grandfather's great uncle had a hand in Eikon Basilike. His father was the author of Junius, and his half brother wrote the Whole Duty of Man. One of his scarce-cater cousins, moreover, made a voyage to Formosa, with George Psalmanzer, and divers of his kindred have written the most unheard of works. Is it not a strange caper of fortune that this "greatest American author" should first be ferretted out by a learned German on the banks of the *Spree*? Don't make a pun.

To go into a full analysis of Seatsfield's writings, one must have the unfathomable depth of mind possessed by that learned German himself. I can only say as he does that Seatsfield has an "inexhaustible thoroughness," and, what is more, a thorough inexhaustibleness; there is no "using up" the fellow. "None but himself can be his parallel." His "psychological stand-point" is a peg or two higher than what your common poetical fowls roost upon to look into the fog. His muse has all the desperation of poetry and all the poetry of desperation; all the inspirations of profundity, and all the profundity of inspiration. His intellect is all-searching, his imagination all-grasping. In artistical tact his power is super-eminent; and with a master hand he clutches the eel of transcendentalism by the tail. As Kallendar very aptly has remarked, he has a forty horse-mackerel power of thought and fancy. "We see him," says the great German critic, "in all his works, overlooking the form, and engrossed in the subject alone,"—a very clear description, which I shall make still clearer, by saying that, in the great chowder-pan of his poetic creations, it is all one to him whether you get pickerel or flounder, halibut, herring or squid—but "in the name of the prophet fish!"

A few particulars respecting so eminent a personage will doubtless be gratifying to your readers. Seatsfield is a man whose personal appearance would strike the most superficial observer. He is five feet several inches high, and some more; and there is every probability that he is of a larger size now, than he was in his younger years. When erect he commonly stands upon his feet—but when sitting, he is accustomed to alter his position. He is very apt to crook his elbow, which may not be thought much to his credit by some folks, but I must state my solemn conviction, that he means no harm by it, and that it is "only a way he has got." When poetically inclined, he sometimes takes a bite at a red herring, but he thinks his ideas come nearest to the "climax of sublimity," over a pohagin stew. He seldom walks out with an umbrella, unless there is prospect of rain; always follows his nose when he goes ahead, and never was known to pick his teeth with a wooden shoe, in all his lifetime.

The New York American gives a very plausible solution of the enigma. It seems, according to that paper, that an intelligent German travelled in this country a few years since, collecting whatever good literary matter he could lay his hands upon, translated those miscellaneous works into his vernacular, and from time to time gave them all to the German public under the same name; until, from the wonder excited by their variety of character, the name of the author became so popular that anything which purports to be from the pen of "Seatsfield," will now command the readiest sale in Germany.

## AN IRON STEAMER.

A steamer was on Saturday last launched at New York, for the U. S. Revenue Service, a description of which we borrow from the Tribune. It was built by Messrs. Dunham & Browning, and is the first iron vessel of any considerable magnitude, except one or two built at Pittsburg in this State, ever built in America. The Legare, for so she was named at the time of her launch, by order of Government, is a most beautiful specimen of naval architecture, and is constructed entirely of iron, the plates being about 7 feet long by 26 inches wide, and three-eighths of an inch thick. She is 150 feet long, 24 feet beam, 11 feet hold, and measures 350 tons. The iron is of the best possible quality, of Pennsylvania manufacture. The entire weight of iron used for the vessel was between 160 and 170 tons. She was built under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Thaddeus Bell, and Mr. Robert Laton does the joinery and cabinet work. The engine will be placed in the vessel immediately by Messrs. Hogg & Delamater, at the Phonix Foundry. She is built with the Ericcson Propellers, on the same plan as that of Captain Stockton's vessel, the Princeton.

If iron should enter as largely into the building of vessels as appearances would indicate that it must, the good old "Key-stone State" will derive that benefit from her inexhaustible mines, to which her industry and enterprise fully entitle her. In the ordinary and necessary course of things, should no unwise legislation mar so fair a prospect, the stocks of Pennsylvania will be sought at such a premium, as will more than compensate for any inconvenience which delay may have caused heretofore.

## GOING OFF.

The New Orleans Crescent City, tells a story of a duel near that city in which the pistol of one of the parties did not go off; so instead of waiting to receive his antagonist's fire as per agreement, he went off himself. As he took the pistol with him, that of course, "went off" too.

## CASH!

We heard of a gentleman, says the Upper Marlboro' (Md.) Gazette, who not long since died in this county, at an advanced age leaving considerable property, and on examining into his affairs, his entire indebtedness amounted to but *fifty* cents, and that was contracted within a few days of his death. We suppose no case of the kind has ever before occurred.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," that such cases are so rare that our Marlboro' friend is not so remarkable for never having heard of such a thing as this before. Such cases *have* occurred, however, and will again. So manifest is the advantage of "short reckonings" and so sure the benefit of the "long friendships," which follow, that it does seem as if all the world and his wife must ultimately come into the wisdom of the practice, among the other "improvements of the age."

If this worthy old gentleman only left a will—as every body should do, and thoroughly put his house in order before he died, what a saving will there be of probate and executors charges! His property, much or little will go to his heirs subject to no deductions for unravelling knots, and straightening unadjusted accounts; and all who held business or social relations with him while alive, can think of him dead, with respect for his character, and affection for his memory, undimmed by any obtrusion of dollars, dimes, and cents into their reflections upon the dead.

Keeping the house in order is not sufficiently recognised as a duty—if it were, the simple incident upon which we are commenting would not be quoted as a circumstance so remarkable. A man who keeps his accounts square all round, lives so much easier and happier for it that it is a course of life which will repay all the temporary self-denials which it may require. "Out of debt—out of danger" is one of the most sententious proverbs ever handed down, and it is a great pity that its practical observation were not universal.

A dollar cash is better than three of credit. It is better to buyer and to seller. It commands a better bargain for the one, and is a sure profit to the other even (pardon the bull) though he sell at less than cost. A dollar is a dollar, in any state of the weather, and keeps its value, while the commodities which are bought with dollars are subject to all manner of depreciations and changes.

He who buys on credit *receives*, he who buys for cash *confers* an obligation, or at any rate the parties meet on equal terms. "The purchase made, and the money paid" there are no afterclaps. A bad bargain *paid for*, may be forgotten by the loser—but if he have merely contracted to pay for something which disappoints him in the possession, the annoyance is not only greater, but lasts longer. So if you value sound sleep and good digestion—deal promptly, and have your ledger always legible. In small matters never accept credit—particularly if you be a man of small means—for just the person who should make most of his money is he who has least of it.

## NEWS FROM MEXICO.

The latest intelligence from Mexico advises us of the settlement of an armistice between Mexico and Texas, to last until the 1st of May, 1844.

Important despatches had been sent out to France, relative to the difficulty between that country and Mexico. This difficulty grows out of the interference of Mexico with foreigners engaged in the retail trade in the Republic.

It is said, and on what is considered good authority that Santa Ana has pardoned and released the Santa Fe prisoners at Perote.

Gen. Thompson, the American Minister, in taking leave of Bocanegra, the Mexican foreign Secretary, says the relations of peace between the two countries were never on a better foundation, and thus concludes: "I beg you to assure his Excellency, the President Santa Ana, of my sincere wish for his prosperity and the future welfare of his country, and to tender him my acknowledgments for the many proofs of his benevolence which I have received. To yourself, my dear sir, permit me sincerely to give assurance of my high respect and eternal friendship."

## FROM AFRICA.

By an arrival at Baltimore we learn that the brig Francis Lord, Capt. Brown, of New York, was fired into on the West Coast of Africa, by the British ship of war Alert, on the night of the 24th of January. The ball was fired from a musket. The Francis Lord hove to, and the Englishman sent a boat on board, with a lieutenant. Captain B.'s firm and gentlemanly inquiry of the reason of such treatment, embarrassed the lieutenant, who offered some explanation, assuring Captain B. that the commander of the Alert would make any apology necessary. After writing on Capt. Brown's papers: "Boarded by H. B. M. ship Alert," adding date and signature—and leaving, a voice hailed from the Alert, "The Captain is very sorry for what has happened—very sorry indeed—it was without his knowledge—he should make an inquiry." It is evident enough that there was some culpable and most disgraceful blunder on the part of the British vessel. Fortunately no damage was done, except the making of a hole through the brig's trisail—but John Bull must carry himself a little more carefully.

## NEW YORK ELECTION.

Mr. Harper, the candidate of the "Native American Party," for Mayor of New York, was on Tuesday elected, receiving about twenty-three thousand votes. Mr. Codington, the Democratic candidate, received over eighteen thousand, Mr. Franklin, the Whig, about four thousand. Mr. Harper has about eight hundred majority over both.

Of the Aldermen the Natives elected twelve, and the Democrats five; of the Assistant Aldermen, the Democrats saved six. Not a single candidate on the Whig ticket was elected.

There had been, just before the election, some rioting, attended with no serious mischief in Brooklyn, and during the election there was some disturbance, but not general, or as much as might have been expected.

## CHEAP PERIODICAL DEPOT.

It will be seen, by referring to our advertising columns, that Messrs. S. Robinson and T. B. Peterson have become the proprietors of Graham's Periodical Agency, No. 98 Chesnut street, as successors of the late and lamented A. J. Rockafellar. These gentleman possess unusual facilities for the transaction of business, receiving new works in advance, and always having on hand the latest publications at the lowest prices. They will be found prompt and energetic by those who deal with them. We have long known both, and our friends who wish anything in their line, cannot do better than patronize them.

## CAUTION.

A child of Mr. Gardener, residing in French street, between Exeter, and Potter streets, Baltimore, died under the most painful and decided evidence of hydrophobia. The little sufferer was bitten by a dog in a rabid state, a few weeks ago, and on Thursday last, upon offering the child a drink of water, it was seized with violent spasms, which gradually increased till death put a period to its sufferings on Friday morning. Owners of dogs will of course take care of such animals as they value; for the time approaches when the anti-canine ordinances will be put in force.

## HAYTI.

Late arrivals at New York from the troubled Island of St. Domingo, represent it as still in confusion. The Spanish and French parts of the Island seem to be at variance, and a struggle which had been preluded by skirmishes was impending. The insurgents made the city of St. Domingo their head quarters, and have about 8,000 men under arms. The President of the Republic has an army nearly as strong; but it is said the chances are in favor of the revolted portion.

## ROBERT TYLER, ESQ.

This gentleman has taken up his residence in this city. From some source or other the rumor has become current that Mr. T. is to be appointed P. M. of Philadelphia. It is proper to state that Mr. Tyler emphatically denies this rumor, and says that no office will be conferred upon him by his father.

## MINERAL LANDS.

The New York American remarks that the mineral lands belonging to the United States are the richest body of like lands, probably, in the world; but lying in distant and very sparsely populated regions, their value cannot be duly estimated as yet. The American might have added that nothing but private enterprise can develope their wealth; and while they remain public property and are subject to future sale, it is for no one's interest to describe their true wealth.

## WORSE THAN USELESS.

The Upper Marlboro' (Md.) Gazette of Thursday says, a flock of valuable sheep belonging to William B. Hill, Esq., near this village, was destroyed by dogs, on Sunday week. There were one hundred sheep in the flock, eighty of which were killed, and the remainder injured, probably beyond recovery. It will be hard to convince the owner of those sheep that such dogs are worth keeping.

## MARYLAND UNIVERSITY.

We notice that Prof. Bartlett, of Transylvania University, Ky., has been called to fill the Chair of Materia Medica in the University of Maryland, vacated by the death of the late Professor Nathaniel Porter. Should Prof. B. accept the invitation, the University will add a most accomplished member to its Faculty.

## SOUTH AMERICA.

Buenos Ayres dates are to Feb. 13th. At that time there had been no change in the position of the armies in Montevideo, and there seemed no probability of the termination of the war.

## GEN. JACKSON.

The Nashville Union states that Gen. Jackson was too feeble to attend the funeral of his old veteran in arms, Gen. Carroll, which took place at Nashville on Sunday, the 24th ult.

# FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

*Bristol, England, March 4, 1844.*

I mentioned in my last, several munificent donations by the clergy of the Church of England, and it now affords me pleasure to record an extraordinary bequest by a layman. The late Dr. Beckwith, of York, has bequeathed the immense sum of forty thousand pounds to Charitable and Literary Institutions. Honored be his memory! By the way, this reminds me of Mr. Smithson's bequest to the United States, of £100,000. It has now been paid over to you for several years. I hope you employ it worthily.

I regret to state that we have had five or six prize fights during the last week, in one of which the "Tipton Slasher" beat "Tass Parker," after 132 rounds. Bravo! for the civilization of the nineteenth century. There has, however, been a very singular "milling match" at Sligo, in Ireland, between Mr. Charlton, the master of the Sligo Poor House, and a pauper virago, in which, (without seconds) the battle raged for half an hour, and the master of the Poor House was completely defeated. Among the odd sporting events of the day, one of our noblemen, Lord Langford, an officer in the eighty-fifth depot, in Ireland, matched himself for a very large amount, to walk from Newbridge to Dublin in a soldier's full marching order—twenty-one Irish miles—with musket, knapsack, &c., in seven hours and a half. He gained his wager by twenty minutes, and pocketed a handsome sum, of which his Lordship is said to have been much in want. But enough of the follies of the times. I will add but one more, namely, that the Baroness Rothschild is taking lessons of famous actors, and studying for the stage in *private theatricals*. What next!

There are a few new features in the literary world. For example, Lord Brougham is writing a work on American Democracy. Miss Edgeworth, at the age of seventy, has a new novel in the press. An old play, entitled Richard the III., has been found in the library of Emanuel College, Cambridge. It is written in Latin, and dates some thirty years before the time of Shakspeare. Dickens has obtained an injunction from Chancery, to prevent the booksellers from publishing his last story, "The Christmas Carol." He has also made a capital speech at the Manchester Mechanics Institute Anniversary, in which he introduced a new pianist, Miss Christina Weller, a young lady who has electrified the Musical World, and who, for the variety of her accomplishments, he called the "female Crichton!"

Our navy, enormous as it is, is still increasing. The six new iron steam frigates are being constructed by the Messrs. Napier, of Glasgow. This week, four new timber steam frigates have been ordered, of new and extraordinary powers, and a fifth has been just finished at Chatham, on the plan of Lord Dundonald, with a rudder at each end. So the Navy will now number upwards of one hundred and twenty steam men-of-war. The inventions of steam-power and gas-light, have indeed made a great difference in human society and resources. Some idea will be found of the importance of the latter, when I tell you it is estimated that £20,000,000 annually are paid for gas in the United Kingdom, and £2,000,000 in the metropolis alone. Well, we wanted some brilliant light of art, for Nature has denied one of her luminous glories this winter—that is, the Aurora Borealis has not been seen in these latitudes this year, a fact which is noticed by natural philosophers, as being somewhat remarkable. Yet I see not why it should be so considered, for the first notice we have of the Northern Lights in England, was in the year 1716. The phenomenon is, therefore, capricious. But to return to gas and steam. These agents have increased to an enormous extent, the sea-going coal trade—that nursery of seamen for the Navy. For instance, 2,628,520 tons of coal were brought in ships to London during the last year, employing 9,593 vessels, and about 60,000 men and boys. London, however, is colossal. The inhabitants now number more than 2,000,000, and it would require seventy of the largest cities and towns in the Kingdom (such is the estimate) to produce an equal population.

Alas! for liberty in France. *La Reforme*, a Paris journal, says that that gay capital is now garrisoned by nearly 100,000 men!—while several editors of papers are undergoing imprisonment, for having written against the present government. A grand canal is projected in France, to unite the Mediterranean Sea and Atlantic Ocean—but as for the French steamers to America, I fear they will never start, for the government is afraid of the expense. Some curious things have recently occurred among our French neighbors. Last week, at the Assizes of Creuse, a young man named *Rozur*, was tried for having deliberately shot his *innamorata* in a fit of jealousy, and then he endeavored to destroy himself, but was apprehended by the police before the latter crime was accomplished. He confessed all, was anxious to die, but was defended by the celebrated counsel of the infamous Madame Laffarge, and strange to tell—was acquitted! Near Mount Cenis, they have discovered a robbers' cave, which contained fifteen skeletons, presumed to be those of murdered travellers. By the side of them were found three poniards and a heavy iron club. What a field for romance-writers. The pen of Eugene Sue will probably be employed in developing some of these mysteries of death. Last week, a barge sunk in the Seine, drowning the bargeman's wife and six children. The wine-growers of Narbonne have presented a memorial to the Chamber of Deputies, in which it is said that 6,000,000 of people are employed in the cultivation of the vine in France, and that an annual average crop is worth £20,000,000. What is the reason that you do not make wine in the U. States? Louis Phillippe has presented the boatmen of Deal with money and silver medals, for saving the crew of a wrecked French ship, at the peril of their lives. The Emperor of Russia has been furnished with the first fruits of a new mine of gold, recently found in the Oural mountains, and supposed to be one of the richest in the world. He has also been successful in Circassia, where in a late battle, 6,000 Circassians, fighting for freedom, were slain. But freedom is ever at war with the Russian Government. Our last advices prove that fact, for they inform us that five pupils of the Military School at St. Petersburg had suffered the knout, and been condemned to serve as common soldiers for life, for having (a new crime) merely laughed at one of the masters, whose manners were odd and eccentric. It is feared that insurrections of a serious character are about to break out in the Roman States. During the Carnival at Ancona, a judge named Alessandrini, was assassinated in the midst of the crowd in the streets, and his murderer cannot be found. I am glad to see that the French Government has refused a license for a Hydropathic (the art of killing by cold water) establishment, in Paris. The subject was first referred to the learned members of the French Academy, who, in their wisdom and common sense, pronounced it to be a dire and unadulterated humbug!

Mr. Carter, an American "lion-king," has recently been married to a Miss Chapman, of Manchester—Van Amburgh, of your country, officiating as bridegroom; and on the same day, Mr. Matthew Ferguson, the keeper of a menagerie, was torn to pieces by a leopard, at Bolton. He had ventured into the den with a whip, for the purpose of rendering the wild beasts docile and obedient, *à la mode de* Van Amburgh.

A singular criminal case has occurred in Ireland. A Mr. Maloney, an auctioneer, has been sentenced to seven years transportation, for forging a draft for £1,000. After committing this crime, he went to America, and while there, he became heir to £50,000. He returned to take possession of his property, when he was apprehended, tried and transported. According to law, the whole sum, as the property of the felon, is forfeited to the crown (the State,) but the Judge, Baron Lefroy, has promised to get the claim remitted in favor of the children of the unhappy man. Near this city too, a serious crime has been committed. Mr. Wm. Sealey, a farmer, died and was buried, but owing to rumors and suspicions, the body was exhumed and examined, and horrible to relate, his two daughters have been and are now under examination, on the charge of having poisoned their father.

I have a few more items in my note-book which I will condense into a "*multum in parvo*." The Scotch fishermen are realizing large sums by collecting guano (the bird manure of ages) and selling it to agriculturists. It is said to equal that of Peru, and many of the Scottish islands and rocks are white with it, to the depth of several feet. The Government is about to reduce the duty on tea, in return for the liberality of the Chinese. There are twenty thousand men employed as drapers' and mercers shopmen in London—an avocation better suited to females; and as many girls who work all day and half the night, as milliners. It is pleasing to see that societies are forming to abridge their hours of labor. A line of packet ships is about to be started from Hull, in Yorkshire, to trade to New York. The income of the Government for the past year, has exceeded the expenditure by £1,443,302. A new cab has been started in London, called the "Tribus." It is very elegant, much lighter than any other vehicle, and is all the rage. A rope of great thickness, and nearly four miles long, has been made for the Sunderland Railway. The Queen has commanded all the unconsumed wine at the Royal table at the Castle, to be given to the sick and poor of Windsor. An aristocratic officer who was sworn as a witness in the Brighton Police Court, brought his own Bible to be sworn upon. This is, indeed, extreme delicacy. A Scottish nobleman, who lately entertained her Majesty in his castle, was requested to admit the newspaper reporters. "By all means"—said he—"for if we do not let them in at the door, they will come down the chimney." The Hon. Spencer Cowper, has presented each of his sisters (the Ladies' Ashley and Jocelyn) with £20,000. A late Indian paper, states that a Thing had been charged in a Court of Justice with robbery, whereat he was indignant, and replied: "No, sir! *murder*—not robbery, is my profession." Great complaints are made to the effect, that the army is considered as used in the officering department, as an aristocratic monopoly. A few days since, a Russian man-of-war, the "Irtisch," with Poles on board, bound, as slaves, for exile to Kamschatka and Siberia, was compelled by stress of weather, to put into Portsmouth. Fortunately, the poor Poles contrived to get on shore, when they appealed to the inhabitants, and were immediately allowed to go free, to the great rage and mortification of the Russian commander.

# Local Intelligence.

## HORRID MURDER.

A horrid murder occurred in Vine street near the Schuylkill on Monday. John Farkin, an itinerant clock vender, having repaired a clock for Mr. James Lemon, had some dispute about the payment, and followed words by a blow from a file, which caused Lemon's instant death, by internal hemorrhage. He also wounded a son of the deceased, who had interposed to defend his father, and being pursued by the wife of the murdered man made several passes at her, which fortunately did not hit. He was pursued several squares, and wounded two men who attempted to take him, but was finally secured by being knocked known with stones, and committed to prison. The whole affair was one of the most terrific which has ever occurred in this city. The frantic wife, pursuing the murderer of her husband, and the desperate resistance offered by the villain, gave the chase a strange and exciting interest. The son of Mr. Lemon is in the hospital. The two men wounded are not seriously injured.

## PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

The concert to be given on Friday evening next by the Philharmonic Society, at the Musical Fund Hall, promises to be the best of the season. The directors have secured the valuable aid of W. V. Wallace, the celebrated pianist and violinist, who will perform several of the pieces played by Ole Bull and Vieuxtemps. Messrs. Norton and Rudolph will give the favorite duetto "All's Well." In addition to these, Mrs. Bailey has been secured to sing several of her best songs; and we understand that it is in contemplation to procure other distinguished talent. As this is an extra concert, subscribers' tickets will not avail them; but the price of admission will only be fifty cents. We predict a crowded house.

Sentences.—Gotlieb Williams, the lad convicted of involuntary manslaughter in killing Peter Doescher, was sentenced on Saturday last, to four years imprisonment in the county prison. Judge Campbell remarked, in passing sentence on him, that of his guilt there could be no doubt. The crime which he had committed was clearly that of voluntary manslaughter. The verdict of the jury had surprised him. That he had taken into consideration the extreme youth of the prisoner, or he would have passed a heavier sentence on him.

Alexander Redding (colored) convicted of the same offence was sentenced for eighteen months. It was shown that he was brutally assailed by the person who died from the rencontre with him.

Accident.—On Saturday last, a fine boy, about eight years of age, named Charles Gee, a son of Joseph Gee, shoemaker, No. 131, Green street, was dreadfully injured by a hogshead of sugar rolling on him. He was standing opposite the store of Michael Keons & Co., north Third street, when a drayman backed his dray up against the pavement, suddenly took out the pins, and let the hogshead roll down on the child.

Repealed.—The ordinance establishing the District System relating to Firemen, passed some weeks since by the Commissioners of the Northern Liberties, was last week repealed at a meeting of the Board.

☞ The Camden and Amboy Line between Philadelphia and New York now leaves both cities at 12 M.

# United States SATURDAY POST.


### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

### LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and E. V. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

## Notices of New Works.

NOTES ON EPISCOPACY. *By Thos. Wm. Marshall, Curate of Swallowcliffe, Salisbury. With an Introduction by Rev. J. M. Wainwright. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—This is a work, supporting high ground; and is written with great talent and controversial skill. It will be read with great interest at the present time by those who have entered into the discussion upon the subject of which it treats. The writer brings a great deal of ecclesiastical lore to bear upon the question, but it must be conceded that he has not quite so much charity and discretion, as he has power of language and logical acuteness. It is a work which will probably command more readers than almost any which has ever appeared upon the subject. Of the merits of the question we express no opinion; and close by informing whoever may desire to read the book that the publishers have put it, as is usual with them, in a most neat and convenient shape.

PICTORIAL UNITED STATES. *By John Frost. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler.*—This number embraces from the period of the capitulation of the British at Yorktown, to the re-election of General Washington, as President of the United States. The embellishments are of the most beautiful character.

MAGAZINES.—From Zieber we have the Democratic Review for April, an interesting number—equal in all respect to any of its predecessors; and the KNICKERBOCKER, as lively and like itself as ever; and as chatty and agreeable in its editorial department.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—This able and spirited paper has been encouraged by prosperity or compelled by business, or acted upon by both inducements, to enlarge its size and renew its types. It is one of the most widely read Whig journals in the United States.

OLLAPODIANA. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.*—The Literary Remains of Willis Gaylord Clark, heretofore noticed and advertised in this paper, have made their appearance in a very neat form. Farther than this we have not space, to-day, to speak.

☞ "The Open Bible, the People's Safeguard," is the title of a neat Pamphlet just published by Lippincott & Co. It embraces the substance of four discourses recently delivered to his congregation, by Rev. Jos. F. Berg.

MCCULLOCH. *No. XI. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* This number of the valuable Gazetteer of McCulloch, is illustrated with a map. It commences the second volume of the Gazetteer, which will be completed in twenty numbers.

SHAKSPEARE.—The third and fourth numbers of this beautiful work are out, and may be had of Zieber, and at the depot No. 98 Chesnut street. It improves as the work proceeds.

FUN AND MELODRAMA.—Robinson & Peterson have received, Hood's "Whims and Oddities," with funny illustrations, and Victor Hugo's Hunchback with horror *prone* cuff.

☞ No. 15 of the Mirror Library, is "Sands of Gold" containing selections from Scribe, Hauff, Horace Smith, and Washington Irving. Zieber has it.

KIRKWOOD.—Colon has sent us a "Romance of the Revolution," under this title. Its theme must make it interesting to Americans.

☞ From No. 98 Chesnut street, we have No. XI. of McCulloch, and the Mirror Library, No. 15; Ollapodiana, &c.

☞ From Colon we have the Magnet, the Rover, the New York Dissector, and other periodicals.

## State Legislature.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, April 3. The Individual Liability Bill of Mr. Penniman, was taken up and passed. A bill supplementary to the Ridge Road Turnpike Bill, passed final reading. It authorises the company to collect tolls from carriages attending funerals. The bill relating to Imprisonment for Debt was taken up and discussed. This bill dispenses with especial bail, making it in all cases absolute, and also provides that the non-imprisonment law shall not affect debts contracted before its passage.

IN THE HOUSE, the most important business was the action upon a resolution directing that the Legislature shall adjourn on the 10th inst. A motion was made to substitute eighteenth for tenth, and to this an amendment was offered by Mr. Toland, modified by Mr. Roumfort, as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the Legislature will not adjourn *sine die* until the bills providing for the payment of interest on the State debt and the sale of the State works be disposed of."

In this shape it PASSED—yeas 60, nays 24. Many of the gentlemen who voted in the negative declared that they did so, not because they were opposed to the spirit of the amendment, but because they thought there was time enough before the 18th to do all the public business.

The Bill to sell the Main Line of the Public Improvements for $20,000,000, was taken up and discussed until the hour of adjournment.

IN SENATE, Thursday, April 4th, a vast amount of private and local business was disposed of. A bill graduating the pay of officers on the public works to the amount of their labor, was passed. The bill relative to imprisonment for debt was debated until the hour of adjournment.

IN THE HOUSE, the Bill to sell the Main Line was taken up, and three important amendments were adopted. One of these forbids the Company from becoming carriers of merchandise; another declares the works to be public highways; and the third provides for the raising of a three mill tax. The bill passed Committee of the Whole, was reported to the House, and ordered printed.

The Bill to reduce the capital stock of the Bank of Pennsylvania passed finally. The Bill to compel the Tide Water Canal Company to receive a portion of its own notes (one tenth) passed second reading.

IN SENATE, Friday, April 5. The bill relative to imprisonment for debt was taken up, and that part which relates to debts contracted before the passage of the act of 1842, was *stricken out*. Other amendments were made, and the bill was then postponed.

IN THE HOUSE. The bill to reduce the capital stock of the Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Bank of the Northern Liberties, passed second and third readings.

The Militia bill was taken up on second reading, and discussed till the hour of adjournment. In the afternoon it was again resumed, and passed second reading, after a lengthy discussion. On the vote to transcribe for third reading, the yeas were, 58; nays, 33.

IN SENATE, Saturday, April 6. The Appropriation bill was taken up and discussed. It was amended by inserting $265,000 instead of $275,000, for the expenses of government, and other amendments were debated.

IN THE HOUSE, the Tide Water Canal Bill, and the Bill to reduce the expenses of the Militia System passed third readings.

The vote on the bill relative to licensing oyster cellars in Philadelphia was reconsidered, and the bill was amended so as to limit the number to fifty, to place the price of license at $100, and to subject them to the law of 1831, regulating inns and taverns.

IN SENATE, Monday, April 8. The Appropriation bill was under discussion.

The Tide Water Canal Bill (House) passed second reading.

IN THE HOUSE, the Bill for the sale of the Main Line, and laying a tax of three mills in the dollar, was discussed the whole of the day. Attempts were made to fix the amount at thirty, twenty-four, eighteen and sixteen millions, but the section was adopted as reported, fixing the price at twenty millions; the bill was progressed in as far as the fourth section, and was then postponed. Several bills were reported, and a bill to authorize the Commissioners of Philadelphia County to issue certificates of loan, for damages sustained by the opening of certain streets, passed final reading.

HARRISBURG, Wednesday, April 10. The Senate were at work on the Appropriation Bill, which was taken out of Committee on Tuesday. The House are busy with the bill to sell the Main Line.

## Religious Intelligence.

### METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The Philadelphia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church commenced its sessions on Wednesday of last week, and have been busily occupied with such business as comes in course before it; and with the memorials, &c., from the Quarterly Conference. The annual sermon was preached by Rev. John Kennady, and will probably be published by authority of the Conference. It was an able and eloquent performance. The pulpits of the several churches in the city were supplied on Sunday by the Rev. Gentleman from a distance, and great interest was manifested by large congregations.

The following is the Delegation chosen to the General Conference, which will be held in New York, in May next: the Reverends, Dr. Durbin, Mr. Thompson, Mr. White, Dr. Cooper, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Wm. Cooper. Rev. Robert Gerry and Rev. David Dailey, were duly chosen reserve delegates.

TAKING THE HABIT.—The United States Catholic Magazine states that at the convent of the Visitation, Georgetown, D. C., in February, the religious habit was given to Miss Julia Pearce, (Sister Mary Eulalia,) Miss Georgianna Pearce, (Sister Mary Michael,) both of Boston; Miss Elizabeth Travers, (Sister Mary Agatha,) of Washington; and Mrs. Keating, (Sister Mary Joseph,) of Philadelphia.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY OF OHIO.—Jedediah Allen, of Royalton, Ohio, has given $15,500 for the foundation in the first place of eleven Scholarships, for his children, nephews and cousins, and the remainder for the endowment of the "Allen Missionary Professorship."

☞ Some of the members of Mr. Brackenridge's Church in Baltimore, have taken a spacious lot on Fells Point, at the intersection of Market and Gough street, and are about to erect a handsome new church.

☞ Rev. Spencer Cone, of the Baptist Church, New York, baptised, on Sunday last, at the head of Cherry street, East River, the first Jew convert to Christianity ever baptised into that communion in this country.

☞ It is announced in the New York papers by Hugh Auchincloss, Treasurer, that the amount received by him for account of the Free Church of Scotland, up to April 1st, 1844, was $26,968 23.

☞ The corner stone of a new Methodist Episcopal Church, to be built on the site of the one destroyed by fire last year, was laid at Wilmington, N. C., on Tuesday week.

☞ The Rev. John Dowling, of Providence, R. I., has accepted the unanimous call of the Berean Church, New York, to become their pastor.

☞ The Right Rev. Dr. Reynolds, Roman Catholic Bishop of Charleston, S. C., has arrived in that city, and taken possession of his See.

## General News.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—On the 19th ult., as the wife of Mr. Griffin, of Lebanon, N. H., was at work boiling pitch in order to make rosin, in attempting to remove the kettle, she accidentally overturned it, and the contents immediately took fire and spread to all parts of the floor. Mrs. G.'s clothing took fire—but as she had three children in the room, the youngest but three months old, she disregarded her own sufferings in order to save them. Unable to open the door, she burst through the window, and her screams soon brought her husband to her relief, who found her lying on the snow in intense agony, her clothes completely burnt off, but still with presence of mind enough to tell him how to save the children, in which he partially succeeded, to the peril of his own life. The poor but heroic woman died at nine o'clock in the evening. One of the children, it is feared cannot survive.

MURDER IN PITTSBURG.—A man named Charles Deil, a painter by trade, was taken to the Mayor's office, with his throat partially cut. *His wife and two children were found murdered in his house*, and, as it appears, by his own hands. The deed appears to have been perpetrated with an axe. He attempted also to murder a third child which escaped with a partial but severe injury, after which he had attempted to cut his own throat with a razor. Deil is a dissipated drunken wretch, and assigns no other reason for these horrible acts than a conceit of jealousy. The third child it is said will recover of its wound, and Deil's own wound is said not to be dangerous.

SMALL ROGUERY.—A Rochester paper states that a man named Joseph Thomas, was committed to await his trial for stealing in quite a novel way. He usually carried with him a small tin cup. Upon entering a store where clover seed was sold, he would sit down near the vessel containing the seed, and while pretending to examine it, would fill his pockets with his cup. The pockets were provided with a hole, so that the seed would run into a large space between the skirt and lining. In this way he would accumulate quite a quantity, and then sell it.

KENTUCKY HEMP AND COTTON.—The Louisville correspondent of the New York Tribune writes "that the most important product of Kentucky soil is hemp." The value of this crop, he states, "rises two and a quarter millions of dollars, of which $1,900,000 in value, is manufactured into cotton bagging, bale rope and cordage, and the residue shipped in its raw state to the Atlantic ports. Of the cotton bagging, about 80,000 pieces, and of the bale rope, about as many coils, valued at $1,520,000 is shipped from this port."

FIFTEEN HORSES BURNT.—We learn from the Boston papers that on Saturday night, between 9 and 10 o'clock, a fire broke out in the extensive stable attached to the tavern owned and occupied by Messrs. Henry Sprague & Son, situated on the main road, Cambridgeport. The stable, with several adjoining sheds, &c., and part of the tavern, were consumed, together with two wagons laden with goods. The stable contained between thirty and forty horses, and fifteen of the animals perished in the flames.

A HARD CASE.—An exhibitor in Mexico must perform what he advertises in the bills, or the authorities come down upon him with a fine. Vieuxtemps had a concert advertised, but the orchestra absconded for some unknown reason, and two overtures promised in the programme, were omitted. The audience were well pleased with the substitution of extra fiddling by Vieuxtemps, but the authorities the next morning imposed a fine of $50, which the violinist was obliged to hand over.

CONNECTICUT.—R. S. Baldwin, Whig candidate for Governor, received 29,556 votes; Chauncey F. Cleaveland, Democrat, 28,396; Liberty candidate and others, 1,902. Baldwin lacks 750 votes of an election by the people. Of 178 Representatives elected, 98 are Whigs and 80 Democrats. A second trial was made to elect thirteen members. Towns entitled to thirty members, have adjourned without delay, and cannot elect. The Senate stands 15 Whigs to 6 Democrats.

THE WHEAT CROP.—The Alexandria, D. C., Gazette says:—"We are pleased to learn from the neighboring counties in Virginia and Maryland, that the growing wheat crop presents a very promising appearance. So early in the season nothing, of course, can be predicted of the result—but if the good beginning continues to the end, the farmers will rejoice in an abundant wheat crop."

☞ The number of hogs killed in Cincinnati, during the last winter, was 196,123. The whole number of hogs packed there during the same time was, in round numbers, 240,000—10,000 less than were packed there the previous winter.

COMMERCE OF BOSTON.—The number of foreign arrivals at this port from January 1st, to March 31st, 1844, was 222. The number of foreign arrivals from January 1st, to March 31st, 1843, was 138. Increase of foreign arrivals, 84. The revenue from January 1st, to March 31st, 1844, is estimated at $1,310,000. The revenue for the corresponding time of last year was $589,740,12. Increase of revenue, $720,059 88.

AMERICAN PORCELAIN.—Two gentlemen from England are about establishing themselves at St. Louis, where they purpose manufacturing on an extensive scale, queens and porcelain ware. Earth, for the common earthen ware, and for the vessels in which the queensware is burned, abounds in the vicinity of St. Louis. Porcelain clay, equal to that used in England, is found in several counties in the State of Missouri.

THE SMITHS.—A writer in the Norfolk Beacon, tells of a town in Texas, which he visited, where, out of a population of four hundred, the Smiths numbered three hundred. The postmaster, the collector, the broker, the colonel of the militia, the acting magistrate, the candidate for Congress, the cashier of the bank, the principal merchant, all bore the uncommon name of John Smith!

POST OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE.—It was stated by Mr. Merrick in the Senate last week, that the number of paying letters which passed through the mail last year, were twenty-four millions. Of this number seventeen millions passed over distances less than 250 miles. It is impossible to estimate the number of letters which passed outside the mail.

LUCKY HIT.—An old building about to be pulled down in the Bowery, N. Y., was sold to two Irishmen, on condition they would remove it. They went to work at it, and in tearing open some of the wainscotting, found a jug, which, on examination, proved to be a money jug, containing, it is said, $9,000 in gold coin. This is a good prize.

### UNIVERSITY OF PENNA.

The Annual Commencement of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania took place on Thursday of last week in the great saloon of the Musical Fund Hall. The music was under the direction Mr. B. C. Cross, and as usual on such occasions it was of a character excellent enough to seem more than a secondary attraction to the very brilliant audience which crowded the great saloon.

After an appropriate prayer offered by Rev. Dr. Ludlow, the Provost of the University, the Degree of Dr. of Medicine was conferred upon one hundred and fifty-three graduates. From the list annexed it will be perceived that this time honored Institution is not merely a Medical College, but one among many of the bonds of union which perpetuates the Republic. Not a section of our common country is unrepresented among the candidates; and these young men as they separate will carry away the *practical* feeling that they have dear friends and countrymen in the parts of the Union most distant from their own residences and spheres of action. The leading seminaries of our country exert a quiet but most powerful influence in this respect, which entitles them to all encouragement on the highest national grounds; and particularly are those worthy of support and favor which unite to these considerations so many intrinsic advantages as the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

After the ceremony of conferring the degrees was concluded, Dr. Horner delivered a valedictory to the graduates, the character of which is thus summed in the United States Gazette: It was vigorously written, enforcing the truths which are the result of a lengthened experience; pointing with brevity and perspicuity to the duties which it behooves every medical practitioner carefully to fulfil; and picturing forth, in their true colors, the high rewards that wait upon the well directed exertions of the physician. Dr. Horner's address commended itself to the attention, and through the attention, to the best feelings of the heart. The path of duty was made clear, and earnest exhortations given to induce that close and abiding attention to the study of the profession, which will always secure success and eminence. The responsibilities of the Christian as well as the man, were impressively commented upon, and the means whereby the usefulness of the profession might be enlarged and dignified, brought home to the understanding.

The following is a list of the graduates:

Alston, Kemp P., North Carolina, Laryngitis Membranea.
Anderson, Edward, Alabama, Atmospheric Air.
Anderson, Mills T., Mississippi, Counter Irritation.
Archer, Junius L., Virginia, Puerperal Fever.
Ashe, Richard P., N. C., Cataract.
Bardin, Aimon Z., Pennsylvania, Intermittent Fever.
Bare, Adam S., Pennsylvania, Disease of the Ovaries.
Barr, Peter, Virginia, Jaundice.
Basye, John T., Virginia, Croup.
Baylor, John Roy, Virginia, Intermittent Fever.
Benedict, William C., N. Y., Erysipelas with black tongue.
Blackiston, John W., New Jersey, Scarlatina.
Bleight, Samuel B., Pennsylvania, Intermittent Fever.
Bliss, William W., Massachusetts, Delirium Tremens.
Boye, Martin H., Pa., Structure of the Nervous System.
Bryant, James W., Virginia, Scarlatina.
Buckles, Edwin Gray, Virginia, Acute Meningitis.
Button, John M., Virginia, Dysentery.
Cardeza, John T. M., Delaware, Hepatic Abscess.
Carter, Lewis W., Virginia, Diarrhœa.
Channing, Wm. Francis, Mass., Application of Chemistry to Physiology.
Clarke, James L., Va., Phenomena of Catamenia.
Clark, Wm. J., Virginia, Regimen of Dyspeptics.
Clingman, John P., North Carolina, Fever.
Compton, Franklin M., Tennessee, Inflammation.
Cooke, Thomas J., Virginia, Atmospheric Air.
Crane, Joseph S., South Carolina, Inflammation.
Crenshaw, Octavius A., Virginia, Spermatorrhœa.
Cullen, Thomas F., Pa., Anchylosis of Knee joint.
Curran, William, Pennsylvania, Dyspepsia.
Curwen, John, Pennsylvania, Scrofulous Opthalmia.
Custis, Peter, North Carolina, Acute Gastritis.
Davidson, Robert, Pennsylvania, Acute Dysentery.
Dejarnatte, George S., N. C., Mental influence over the Organic Functions.
Dickey, Ebenezer V., Pennsylvania, Erysipelas.
Dillard, Richard, Virginia, Strictures of Ureters.
Dilworth, Samuel Jr., Pa., Influence of Mind upon the body.
Dimmitt, Addison, Ky., Physiology of the Circulation.
Dock, George, Pa., The Blood as modified by disease.
Eldridge, William T., Virginia, Fractures.
English, Lemon E., New Jersey, Influenza.
Faison, Henry W., North Carolina, Remittent Fever.
Farquharson, Robert J., Tenn., Phenomena and causes of Inflammation.
Fetherman, Abraham H., Pennsylvania, Pertussis.
Foley, James T., Virginia, Cynanche Trachealis.
Foster, Peter S., North Carolina, Koinomiasmata.
Garnett, John N., Virginia, Chronic Gastritis.
Gantt, Charles S., Pa., Mercury and its Compounds.
Gleason, Charles W., Vermont, Capillary Circulation.
Gorman, Felix, Mississippi, Intermittent Fever.
Graham, Chauncy W., North Carolina, Pertussis.
Graves, Robert, Virginia, Fracture of the Femur.
Gray, Lewers D., Pa., Purpose and Province of Medical Science.
Green, Alfred W., Pennsylvania, Bronchocele.
Green, John B., Virginia, Icterus.
Green, Solomon, Virginia, Dyspepsia.
Gregg, Edward F., South Carolina, Death.
Hale, John P., Virginia, Diseases of Menstruation.
Hale, Theodore F., Pennsylvania, Dysentery.
Hall, Edward A., Pennsylvania, Remittent Fever.
Happer, Andrew P., Pa., Influence of Medicine.
Hardey, Charles A., Louisiana, Congestive Fever.
Harris, James W., Alabama, Menorrhagia.
Harris, Robert P., Pennsylvania, Veratria.
Hatch, Thomas E., New Hampshire, Apoplexy.
Hathaway, Edmund V., Rhode Island, Scarlatina.
Hearne, Joseph T., Alabama, Functions of the Brain.
Henry, Bernard, Pennsylvania, Aneurism.
Heywood, Benjamin, Massachusetts, Spermatorrhœa.
Holliday, Daniel C., La., The Eye, a Diagnostic Sign of Disease.
Holmes, Ephraim Jr., New Jersey, Acute Peritonitis.
Howell, Junius H., Tennessee, Poisoning by Opium.
Hughes, J. Clayton, Alabama, Puerperal Fever.
Hughes, Wm. H., North Carolina, Puerperal Peritonitis.
Hopkins, James W., Virginia, Cæsarean Section.
Irwin, David D., Mississippi, Yellow Fever.
Jobs, Eugene, New Jersey, Diabetes.
Joyner, Henry, North Carolina, Intermittent Fever.
Joyner, William Henry, Florida, Acute Peritonitis.
Keating, William V., Pennsylvania, Typhoid Fever.
Knott, James E., Tennessee, Protochloride of Mercury.
Latta, William S., Pennsylvania, Whooping Cough.
Leidy, Joseph, Pennsylvania, Comparative Anatomy of the Eye of Vertebrate Animals.
Long, William L., North Carolina, Remedial and poisoning influence of Lead.
Lundy, Ethelred W., Virginia, Cynanche Trachealis.
Mackie, William H., Kentucky, Poisoned Wounds.
Marshall, Alexander K., Kentucky, Superfœtation.
Marshall, David B., Pennsylvania, Variola.
Mason, Randolph F., Virginia, Scarlatina.
Maupin, George W. O., Virginia, Scarlatina.
Mayer, Edward R., Pennsylvania, Nitrate of Silver.
Meem, A. Russell, Virginia, Calomel, use of in Febrile affections.
Moffett, George B., Va., Importance of the knowledge of Physiology and Diagnosis in the treatment of disease.
Moss, Edgar, Virginia, Amaurosis.
Mundy, James J., Alabama, Congestive Fever.
M'Clellan, John H. P., Pennsylvania, Medullary Fungus.
M'Ilhenny, William S., Pennsylvania, Dew.
M'Intosh, William S., Mississippi, Chronic Hepatitis.
M'Leod, Murdock, North Carolina, Acute Pleuritis.
Osbourn, Richard K., Maryland, Medical treatment of Strangulated Hernia.
Palmer, William Gray, Maryland, Menstruation.
Parrish, Joseph, New Jersey, Scrofulous Diathesis.
Pettit, John A., Ohio, Rubeola Vulgaris.
Phillips, William R., New Jersey, Electricity.
Phinney, Joel B., New York, Cutaneous diseases.
Phinney, Leander B., New York, Ulcer of the Cornea.
Priestly, Joseph, Pennsylvania, Wounds of Arteries.
Reid, James A., Virginia, Belladonna.
Reid, James R. M., Georgia, Remittent Fever.
Roberts, John H. Jr., Georgia, Acute Gastritis.
Rogers, Julius, Delaware, Acute Hepatitis.
Royer, Lewis, Pennsylvania, Delivery of Placenta.
Rucker, Angus A., Virginia, Iodine.
Sandt, Samuel, Pennsylvania, Dyspepsia.
Scales, Rawley A., North Carolina, Puerperal Fever.
Scott, Samuel D., Penn., Physiology of the Eye-ball.
Screven, Benjamin S., South Carolina, Circulation.
Seabrook, John O., South Carolina, Neuralgia.
Sharp, James H., Tennessee, Leucorrhœa.
Shaw, Elias F., North Carolina, Intermittent Fever.
Sherrerd, Washington, Pa., Feigning of Disease.
Sims, Francis, Pennsylvania, Rheumatism.
Stillman, Edward L., Louisiana, Variola.
Smith, Granville, Virginia, Aneurism.
Snowden, John W., Pennsylvania, Diagnostic sign of Uterine Pregnancy.
Still, Moreton, Pennsylvania, Pathology of Cyanosis.
Stone, Henry Osgood, Massachusetts, Polypus of Nose.
Summerell, Joseph J., N. Carolina, Influence of Opium in Autumnal Fevers.
Sykes, John B., Alabama, Heat as a morbific agent.
Taliaferro, Lewis T., Va., De Febre Biliosa Remittente.
Taylor, John B., Virginia, Intestinal Worms.
Taylor, Moses B., N. C., the Pulse and its modifications.
Terrell, George F., Va., Menispermum Canadense.
Tiffin, Edward P., Ohio, Uterine Hemorrhage.
Tyler, William, Jr., Maryland, Scarlatina.
Watson, William W., Kentucky, Tobacco.
Wesson, Clement H., Ohio, Primary Syphilis.
White, Elias A., North Carolina, Gastritis.
Wickham, John, Va., Inflammation of the Kidneys.
Wilcoxson, Tard S., Pennsylvania, Fractures.
Wilkins, Edw., Alabama, Moral Medicine.
Williams, Henry F., N. Carolina, Menstruation.
Wilson, Benjamin, Virginia, Bilious Remittent Fever.
Wilson, Samuel, Pennsylvania, Pleuritis.
Wilson, William, Pa., Tartar Emetic, use of in Obstetrical practice.
Wilson, William M., Virginia, Scarlatina.
Wilson, Thomas H., Pennsylvania, Dysentery.
Wood, Thomas, Pennsylvania, Inversion of the Womb.
Woodville, J. Lewis, Virginia, Hernia.
Wylie, William, South Carolina, Epidemic.

The Degrees of Doctor of Medicine was also conferred upon the following named gentlemen, at the commencement in July, 1843.

Bagley, Anderson, Virginia, Fractures of Thigh.
Boon, James H., North Carolina, Fractures.
Michie, Theodore A., Virginia, Acute Rheumatism.

## Notices of the Dead.

FRANK JOHNSON.—This well known colored musician, and celebrated performer on the Kent bugle, died at his residence in Sixth street, near Lombard, on Friday night, of bronchitis. He had been sick for some time. Frank's reputation was not confined to this city alone. He visited Europe with his band about ten years since, and gave a series of concerts at the Argyle Rooms, London, which met with distinguished success. He was a regular visitor with his band at Saratoga, Ballston Spa, and other fashionable watering places. He had also made the tour of the United States, and performed successfully in most of the principal cities.

His funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon. He was buried at St. Thomas' African Church, south Fifth street. An immense concourse of people followed him to the grave, including the colored Masonic Lodge, of which he was a member, and the Demosthenean and Philomathean (colored) Societies. His band performed over his grave, the dirge composed by the deceased, and played by them, on the reinterment of Washington at Mount Vernon.

DEATH OF MORGAN LEWIS.—The New York papers record the death, in that city on Saturday last, of the venerable and distinguished patriot of the Revolution, Major General Morgan Lewis, President General of the Society of the Cincinnati of the United States. He fought gallantly in the army of the Revolution which he entered in 1775, and was particularly distinguished on several occasions. In 1804, he was elected Governor of New York State; and since that time has filled various offices of high trust and dignity, and always with great credit to himself, and usefulness to the State. In 1812, he entered the army, and performed valuable services to the country, and was finally appointed Major General. He was, at the time of his death, Grand Master of the Masonic Order, of New York.

☞ Micajah Pendleton died recently in Nelson county, Va., aged nearly eighty-six. He is believed to have been the foremost leader in the present great Temperance Reformation in Virginia, if not in the Union. Before the year 1800, it is known that he signed a Temperance Pledge, and carried it about, soliciting and obtaining signatures. His own pledge he kept faithfully till his death, extending it to wine and cider, which he considered as alcoholic drinks, differing from whiskey only in strength.

A PATRIOT.—Died, at his residence in Montgomery county, Pa., on the 20th ult., Joseph Wheless, aged eighty-three years. He was a native of Halifax county, North Carolina; and removed to this State and settled where he died, about forty years since. He was a veteran of the American Revolution, and was in many hard fought battles in North Carolina and Virginia. He entered the army at its commencement while aged only sixteen, and remained in the service till the close of the war.

DEATH OF JAMES HOWARD.—James Howard, the "invalid vocalist," as for the last ten years he has been styled, died at his residence in this city, on Saturday last, aged 49 years. He had been laboring for some ten years under a severe affliction of the spine, which had completely crippled him.

☞ Died, February 11th, at the residence of his son, in North Woodbury township, Bedford county, Pa., Kifer, a Revolutionary soldier of 1774, who had attained the age of one hundred and ten years and six months.

☞ The Ohio State Journal, of the 4th inst., records the death of the Hon. H. A. Moore, member of Congress from that district, at his residence in Columbus.

☞ John Stufflebeau, a soldier of the Revolution, died recently, near Kaskaskia, Illinois, aged one hundred and nine years.

## Miscellaneous News.

☞ The election in Rhode Island, last week, resulted in the election of Gov. Fenner, without organized opposition. The Providence Journal says the Legislature will stand 24 Whigs and 7 Democrats—in the House 56 Whigs and 13 Democrats; making a majority of sixty on joint ballot, against the friends of universal suffrage.

TALL FISHING.—The Norfolk Beacon of Tuesday, says:—"One thousand eight hundred and ninety-six shad were caught at one haul at one of the Fisheries on Thursday last—and at another, on Wednesday, fifteen hundred shad and thirty thousand herring were taken at one haul."

☞ A man engaged upon the roof of a house building in Hoboken, N. J., was precipitated to the earth a fearful distance, by the falling of the scaffold upon which he stood, last week. He was, strange to say, entirely uninjured save and except a slight bleeding at the nose.

CANCELLATION OF RELIEF NOTES.—Eighty thousand dollars of the 4th of May issues of 1841, were cancelled by the State Treasurer, in the months of February and March, and that amount has been handed over to the Auditor General for destruction by burning.

AXE MANUFACTORY.—There is an axe manufactory at Collinsville, about fifteen miles from Hartford, Ct., which turns out eight hundred a day, yet cannot fill all its orders. There are one hundred and forty-five men employed in it. The axes sell for $13 a dozen.

MAINE ELECTION.—We learn from the Bangor Democrat that, on the fourth trial, the Hon. Shepherd Cary, Democrat, was elected to Congress in the Seventh Congressional District. The same paper states that there was no choice in the Fifth District.

☞ The freight cars on the New York and Erie Railroad ran off the track on Saturday night, a few miles above Piermont, killing the conductor of the train, and destroying the tender and one or two cattle cars.

☞ The steamboat New Philadelphia, one of the line between Philadelphia and New York, bears a Fox on one paddle box, and a Coon on the other, while a wooden Rooster perches on the pilot house.

☞ The Second Congregational Church of the Rev. Mr. Bond, at Norwich, Ct., was entirely consumed by fire on Friday night week, with the valuable organ.

☞ The Temperance Societies of Cincinnati and its neighborhood had a grand celebration of the anniversary of the first Temperance Society on the 5th inst.

☞ The citizens of Cincinnati have, by a direct popular vote, authorised their city councils to loan $100,000 to complete the Little Miami Railroad.

☞ Militia "Trainings" have been abolished in Maine, by act of Legislature.

THE THIRTEENTH DISTRICT.—Mr. Pollock, the Whig candidate is elected to Congress from the Thirteenth District, in this State, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Frick.

☞ Upwards of $30,000 of the New Orleans Third Municipality notes were destroyed by the Finance Committee, in that city, on the 30th ult.

☞ The election in Virginia takes place on the 26th of April—a fortnight hence. Both parties are extremely active in the canvass.

☞ The carriage shop of Collins & Co., at Middlebury, Ohio, was destroyed by fire, a few days since. Loss $2,500.

☞ The New York papers say that 5,000 persons have been naturalized in that city during the past two weeks.

☞ The expense to Baltimore County for the trial and execution of Adam Horn, amounts to $2,200.

## Army & Navy.

☞ The United States brig Consort, Lieut. Commanding H. Y. Purviance, twenty-three days from the Cape de Verds, arrived at Norfolk on Saturday. Left at Port Praya March 6th, the United States frigate Macedonian, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore M. C. Perry. She was getting under way when the Consort sailed, bound to the Windward Islands. The United States sloop Saratoga, Commander Tatnall, sailed from Port Praya a few days before, bound down to the coast of Africa, as far as the Bight of Benin. The U. States sloop Decatur, Commander Abbott, and the brig Porpoise, Lieutenant Commending Craven, were cruising on the coast to the leeward, the former expected back about the last of March.

APPOINTMENTS.—Commodore William Compton Bolton has, we learn, been appointed by the Secretary of the Navy to the command, as Port Captain, of all the forces afloat at the Norfolk station, which command was recently made vacant by the death of Commore Kennedy. In consequence of this appointment, Commodore Bolton has requested the withdrawal of his nomination, made to the Senate, by the President, as Chief of the Bureau of Construction, Equipment, and Repairs. This selection is deservedly complimentary to this distinguished and gallant officer.

EXPENSES OF EACH NAVY YARD.—A statement recently made to Congress, shows the expense of each navy yard in the Union, from the year 1825 to 1843, inclusive. The aggregate expense of the navy yard at Portsmouth, for that number of years, was $447,423; Boston, $923,169; New York, $945,576; Philadelphia, $602,590, or annual average of $31,712; Washington, $640,300; Norfolk, $965,234; Pensacola, $507,936. The aggregate expenses of all the navy yards for that time was $5,049,060.

☞ The U. S. sloop of war Boston arrived at Rio Janeiro on the 14th of February, in 87 days from Boston. The U. S. brig Perry sailed from Rio on the 10th for the East Indies. The Columbus and Congress were in port on the 17th.

☞ U. S. sloop of war Plymouth, commander Henry, sailed from Boston on Thursday week, for the Mediterranean stations.

## Congressional.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, April 3d. A great number of memorials were presented against change in the Tariff; against the annexation of Texas; and on other subjects, and several bills were advanced a stage, and much private business was disposed of.

IN THE HOUSE, Mr. Adams from the select committee on the Massachusetts resolutions relative to slave representation, made a report. It will be remembered that each of the gentlemen composing the committee made a report for himself. [On the day subsequent, April 4th, all these reports, five in number were ordered printed.] The resolutions presented by the majority of the committee, that it is inexpedient for Congress to propose any alteration in the constitution in this respect, was adopted 156 to 13.

The bill to direct the President of the United States to put the mineral lands in Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin in the market, was lost on the question of its engrossment, but a re-consideration was moved.

IN SENATE, Thursday, April 4th. The West Point Academy Bill passed as it had passed the House. The Fortification Bill passed with amendments, and was sent back to the House. The bill for making a navy yard or depot near Memphis, on the Mississippi, was debated, but informally passed over.

IN THE HOUSE, the Army Retrenchment Bill was taken out of committee and finally passed. The consideration of the Resolution from the Senate fixing on the 27th of May as the day of adjournment, was postponed to May 13th.

IN SENATE, Tuesday, April 5th. Mr. Evans, of Me., offered a resolution, which under the rule lies over for one day, calling upon the President of the United States to communicate, if not incompatible with the public interest, all correspondence between the British Government and the United States, upon the subject of the annexation of Texas. [The information called for is probably a despatch of Lord Aberdeen, laid before the President at the time Sir Richard Packenham presented his credentials of office. This despatch will prove officially to the American people that England contemplates no political alliance with Texas, and none whatever but one of trade and commerce.]

Mr. Bayard presented a memorial from Richard A. Gillet, Civil Engineer of Pennsylvania, respecting a new plan for a Dry Dock, which at the same time that it will be permanent will supersede the expense of piles.

The Cumberland Road bill was then taken up, and the remainder of the session given to its consideration.

IN THE HOUSE ten thousand copies of Mr. J. R. Ingersoll's minority report on the tariff were ordered printed. The bill making appropriations for the improvement of harbors and rivers was debated until the hour of adjournment.

WASHINGTON, Saturday April 6. The Senate did not sit.

IN THE HOUSE, the river and harbor appropriation bill was debated all day in committee, over a hundred amendments being disposed of by adoption or rejection. At a late hour the committee rose and reported the bill, and the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Monday April 8. Nothing was done in either house but the passage of the usual resolutions of respect for the memory of a deceased member of Congress, Neman Allen Moore, of Ohio. In announcing his decease, his colleague, Mr. Weller, said that Mr. Moore, took his seat at the commencement of the present session of Congress apparently in good health. He was pursued by the hand of death, soon after he came here, in the form of consumption. His residence in Ohio was a brief one, of not more than eight or nine years. After being there six or seven years he was appointed Adjutant General of the State, and in a year or two after, he was nominated to Congress by a confiding constituency, with whom he had resided but for a short time. Mr. M. participated in the proceedings of the House the day he left the city. Mr. Moore died at home in the bosom of his family, and among the constituency who had honored him as their Representative. Three children and a wife are left to mourn the loss of a husband and a father.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, April 9. The Senate listened to an Anti-Tariff speech by Mr. Berrien; and the House was at work on the River and Harbor Bill.


SHIVERS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF PIPSISSEWA.—For the cure of Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Skin in all their varieties, Old and Ill-conditioned Ulcers, Mercurial Diseases, White Swellings, Liver Complaints, Ulcers in the Throat, Consumption in its Incipient Stages, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Affections of the Kidneys, General Debility, and also all Diseases arising from an impure state of the blood.

The sick and the afflicted, and the friends of humanity are daily sending us testimonials of the astonishing success of this medicine. The following has just been received:—

BOSTON, April 3, 1844.
Corner of Portland and Hanover streets.

MR. CHARLES SHIVERS:—It is with pleasure that we are able to inform you of the rapid sale and entire satisfaction that your PIPSISSEWA has met with in this quarter. On the first appearance of it, many were inclined to look upon it as but an addition to the countless humbugs of the day, but a few were induced to make a trial of it, and the immediate benefit resulting from its use has been such as to cause the purchasers to recommend it to their friends, and speak of it to us in terms of unqualified approbation. Hence its favor is spreading, and the demand constantly increasing.

Of the twelve dozen you sent us in February, we have less than one dozen left.

The sale of the Syrup of Pipsissewa has been a source of gratification to us, (above the commission,) as several instances have come under our observation, where diseases of long standing have been cured by this medicine, and the gratitude of the patient has been expressed in words of the most direct and unmeasured approval.

Please send us by Harnden's Express, 12 dozen, with as little delay as possible. Respectfully yours

CARTER & WILSON.

Prepared only by CHARLES SHIVERS, N. E. corner of SPRUCE and SEVENTH streets, Philada. For sale also by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third st.; A. Tatem, corner of Vine and Eleventh sts.

WHAT FAMILY WILL BE WITHOUT THEM!—They cannot harm the smallest infant, or the strongest adult. There is no mercury or mineral in them. What immense responsibility then rests upon the parent who does not know, and the doctor who does not understand the complaint, which is destroying these precious flowers, the human life—every person who will use WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, will be convinced on one trial, that they are the most perfect for cleansing the human system than any other ever invented—or ever made by man; don't neglect to try them. The virtues of these Pills are now cheerfully and universally acknowledged by their great popularity and extensive circulation, and few who peruse this article will be found unacquainted with some proofs of their real excellence, and many will be ready to add the testimonials of their own experience in favor of this delightful medicine.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are designed to assist Nature in restoring the various organs to a healthy action, by cleansing the Stomach and Bowels, and purifying the whole system from those morbid and corrupt humors which in most cases are the cause of disease, and thus give to the patient health for sickness, and cheerfulness for despondency.

The unparalleled success which has attended the use of these Pills has induced some unprincipled person to manufacture a spurious article, which they endeavor to palm upon the unsuspecting as the genuine medicine: hence the importance of purchasing only of the regular advertised agents.

*Beware of Counterfeits.*—The public are respectfully informed, that medicine purporting to be Indian Vegetable Pills, sold by a certain Wm. J. Burritt, from New York, *are not the genuine* Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills; and that all *Travelling Agents* who sell genuine, are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vice Pres. of N. A. Coll. of Health.

For sale at the offices, No. 169 RACE STREET, Philadelphia. No. 288 Greenwich Street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont Street, Boston.

CAUTION.—In all cases be particular to ask for *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*, and *beware of travelling impostors.*


## The Markets.

### SALES OF STOCKS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 100 shares Girard Bank, | | 7½ |
| 65 do. | Commercial Bank, | 54 |
| 53 do. | Man. & Mec. Bank, | 26a27 |
| 40 do. | Wilmington R. R. | 17½ |
| 17 do. | Union Bank, Tenn. | 64½ |
| 13 do. | Reading Railroad, | 21½ |
| 7 do. | Camden Bank, | 43 |
| 6 do. | Western Bank | 46½ |
| $36,000 State 5's, | | 67½a68 |
| $1047 54 State 6's, 1846, | | 70a71 |
| $15,000 State 5's, | | 65½a66 |
| $500 County 5's, 1860, old, | | 98 |
| $1000 Tenn. Bank, 5's, Int. 1st July, | | 84½ |
| $3000 United States Loan, 5's, 1853, | | 102½ |
| $1100 Wilmington 6's, 1855, | | 84 |
| $800 Wilmington 6's, 1858, 15 flat, | | 79 |
| $700 City 5's, 1849, | | 105½ |

### NEW COUNTERFEITS.

*Planters' and Mechanics' Bank of South Carolina, Charleston.*—10's, letter B, variously filled up. The "a," "t," and "r," in "Bank of South Carolina," are only partially shaded. On the genuine notes, on the upper part of the right margin, over the denomination, are 16 white dots—the counterfeit has 19. The engraving throughout is poor and defective.

*Farmers' Bank of Maryland, Annapolis, Md.*—1's. May be detected by observing that in the genuine notes, a bee has lighted upon a log, upon which a hive rests. In the counterfeits there is no bee on the log.—*Bick. Rep.*

### DIVIDENDS.

The Cotton Manufacturing Company, in Connecticut, has declared a semi-annual dividend of five per ct., payable on demand.

The Marine Bank of Baltimore has declared a half-yearly dividend of three per cent.

### PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Bark—The market is quiet, last sales 1st No. 1 $22,50. Coffee—The only transactions worthy of notice since our last weekly report are 2000 bags Rio sold previous to arrival, and 1400 bags St. Domingo on landing; both on private terms. Small sales of fair quality Rio at 7¼, 4 mos. Cotton—There is some enquiry for this article, but purchasers are not willing to take hold at present rates—sales since our last have been some small lots of Upland and Mobile at 9a9¼, 4 months. Fish—Prices are stationary. Flour and Meal—The flour market is rather unsettled: we notice sales of over 2000 bbls common and fair brands, part at $4,62½, including a lot at $4,56¼, most factors, however, are holding at the former rate, and some parcels are limited above it. Rye flour is scarce—sales at $3,25. Corn Meal—Sales of several lots Pa. at $2,50, Brandywine held at $2,70. Grain—Considerable sales of Pa. wheat have been made, some very prime at 106c, since at 103a104c, and two lots are reported at 101½ afloat. Rye—Sales of Pa. at 65c. Corn—Receipts limited, and demand moderate—sales of southern yellow in lots at 51a52c, white 48 a47, Pa. round 53a54c. Oats—We note sales of good southern at 31ea32c a cargo, Jersey 32½c. Logwood—Sale of a small lot St. Domingo, on the wharf, at $19,50. Molasses—Sales of about 400 hhds and tcs good Trinidad sold to arrive at 26½ on time, 300 hhds Havana sold do, price not public. Provisions—Sales to a fair extent are making at steady prices. Rice—Sales of prime for shipment at 2⅞c. Flaxseed—The price is firm—Sales at $1,47 a1,48c. Cloverseed is quite dull, several lots sold at $6,25. Sugar—Prices are steady—we note sales of near 400 hhds, Cuba Muscovado at 7½, some lots N. Orleans at 7⅛c, and 600 bags white Brazil at 8c, all on the usual terms. Whiskey is scarce—we quote hhds 22½c, bbls 23½c.

### CATTLE MARKETS.

*Philadelphia.*—At market 765 head of beef cattle, including 120 taken to N. York, 200 cows and calves, 400 hogs, and 1500 sheep. Prices of beeves advanced, with a fair demand, and all sold at $4,50a6 for common to good, and $6,50 for extra quality the 100 lbs. Cows and calves sold from $12 to 25, extras $30 the head. Hogs—Sales were made as to quality at $4,50a5 the 100 lbs. Sheep—Sales from $2a4 each for common to extra quality.

*Brighton, near Boston*, April 5.—At market 270 beef cattle, 20 pairs working oxen, 300 sheep, and 1850 swine. Prices—Beef Cattle—Higher prices were obtained, and we quote a few extra quality at $5,50a5,75—first quality $5a5,50, second do. $4,50a4,75, third do. $4a4,50. A yoke or two of large cattle were sold for a small trifle more than our highest quotations. Working Oxen—We noticed some few sales, viz. $75, 80, 82 and $88. Sheep—We quote from $2,75a4, to $5.

*Baltimore*, April 5.—There were 525 head offered during the week, 250 of which were sold at prices ranging from $1,65 to 2,87½ per 100 lbs on the hoof, which is equal to $3,35, according to quality. There were 175 head laid over, and 55 were driven north. The number of beef cattle weighed at the scales during the quarter ending 20th March, was 8407, of which 6751 head were sold in this market at prices ranging from $1,25 to 3 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $3,50a5 net—the average price being $1,25a2,60, equal to $3,10a5,20. The balance not sold here were principally driven north—a few head having been sent to Washington city. Hogs—Live hogs during the week at $4,50a4,75.

*Richmond*, April 4.—For cattle on the hoof $4 to 5, the market well supplied with inferior kinds. Mutton—$1 to 3, according to quality. Veals sell from $3 to 7, according to quality.

*Cincinnati*, March 26.—198 head beef cattle $2 50a3,25 per cwt—145 fat hogs $2,50a2,75, 518 stock do $2 gross. 80 sheep (fleece on) $1,50a2,12, 9 milch cows and calves $10a14,50.

### HEALTH OFFICE, APRIL 8, 1844

INTERMENTS

*In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington.*

From the 31st of March to the 6th of April.

| DISEASES. | Adults. | Children. | DISEASES. | Adults. | Children. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Apoplexy, | 2 | 0 | Brought over, | 28 | 20 |
| Croup, | 0 | 1 | Inflammation of the Brain, | 0 | 2 |
| Congestion of Lungs, | 0 | 2 | ——Bronchi, | 2 | 3 |
| ——Brain, | 1 | 0 | ——Lungs, | 2 | 2 |
| Consumption of the Lungs, | 18 | 2 | ——Stomach and Bowels, | 4 | 1 |
| Convulsions, | 0 | 6 | ——Peritoneum, | 2 | 0 |
| Cyanosis, | 0 | 2 | Influenza, | 1 | 0 |
| Diarrhœa, | 2 | 0 | Injury of Spine, | 1 | 0 |
| Dropsy, | 2 | 1 | Old Age, | 4 | 0 |
| Disease of Spine, | 1 | 0 | Scirrhus of Liver, | 1 | 0 |
| Dysentery, | 1 | 0 | Sore Mouth, | 0 | 1 |
| Epilepsy, | 0 | 1 | Small Pox, | 0 | 1 |
| Fever, Scarlet, | 0 | 4 | Still Born, | 0 | 7 |
| Hemorrhage, | 0 | 1 | Unknown, | 2 | 1 |
| ——Lungs, | 1 | 0 | Whooping Cough, | 0 | 2 |
| Carried over, | 28 | 20 | Total, 87—47 | | 40 |

Of the above there were 7 from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 16 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

### STATE OF THE THERMOMETER

| | 9 o'clock. | 12 o'clock. | 3 o'clock. |
|---|---|---|---|
| March 31, | 30 | 34 | 36 |
| April 1, | 34 | 41 | 50 |
| 2, | 35 | 42 | 54 |
| 3, | 39 | 49 | 60 |
| 4, | 58 | 71 | 78 |
| 5, | 61 | 68 | 63 |
| 6, | 47 | 54 | 53 |


TAILORS READ THIS.

DID YOU EVER HEAR OR KNOW ANY THING OF THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW, or of the press, and of the great advantages that may be gained by those who have nothing to lose when venturing upon one or the other, or both. For instance, an individual in Philadelphia advertises that he being a practical tailor, standing at the head of his profession, turned his attention to publishing a System of Garment Cutting; and says that advertising gave publicity to his partial change in his business, and the largest subscription list gives evidence of the utility of the work, and the efficacy of the press. He admits that he has gained much by advertising, and feels constrained to sustain the bridge that has carried him safe over. Tailors of Philadelphia cannot but smile when they learn who he is that styles himself the head of his profession. Publishers of Fashions also begin to count their pages of entered subscribers, and all who are acquainted with the advertiser agree that he has indeed (if accredited) gained much by advertising. For no one in this vicinity could have known only by the press that such an individual was standing at the head of his profession, nor yet of him having the largest list of subscribers, nor do they know it yet—seeing is believing, and reality requires no puffing. But Allen Ward will propose to show and compare lists of subscribers, and will give or take a dollar per name on the majority. He will also compare improvements in Garment Cutting, and will risk his system against any other now in use. And although he warrants his late improvement to be better, yet he can afford to publish it cheaper than any other system of garment cutting. Those who have tried it prefer it, and one of the most experienced practical cutters says he defies the world to beat it. Five dollars sent by mail or otherwise addressed to ALLEN WARD, No. 241 South NINTH STREET, Philadelphia, will be answered by four periodical numbers, which he warrants to contain more practical utility than all the former rules and system of tailoring put together. Down with the dust if you want the best. Don't forget the number, 241 South Ninth street. (ap 13-3t) ALLEN WARD.

SPRING FASHIONS.—MAHAN'S SYSTEM OF GARMENT CUTTING.—The subscribers to the work having been supplied, there are remaining on hand a few copies of the work which can be had by application, containing drafts for dress frock coats, dress, French gaiter, and plaited pantaloons, vests, loose easy coat, gentleman's riding coat, and lady's riding habit, Major General's, plain Friend's and gay Quaker's coat, and also one for the Hon. HENRY CLAY. The *Fashion Plates* are now ready for delivery, which has been got up in a superior style and elegantly colored, containing a view of the different fashions worn by gentlemen, together with a lady's habit. There is also a group representing the First State Troop of Philadelphia County Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Thos. F. Betton. F. MAHAN,
1t* No. 211 Chesnut street.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON.
Of GRAHAM & CHRISTY, Number 2, ASTOR HOUSE, NEW-YORK.
Of ROBINSON & JONES, MAIN STREET above FOURTH ST. CINCINNATI.
J. W. COOK, No. 85 FOURTH St. PITTSBURGH.
Of MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.


### ALMANAC.

| April, 1844. | SUN RISES | SUN SETS | HIGH WATER | MOON'S PHASES |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 13 SATURDAY, | 5 29 | 6 31 | 11 15 | |
| 14 SUNDAY, | 5 27 | 6 33 | 11 58 | D. H. M. |
| 15 MONDAY, | 5 26 | 6 34 | 12 44 | |
| 16 TUESDAY, | 5 25 | 6 35 | 1 20 | |
| 17 WEDNESDAY, | 5 24 | 6 36 | 1 56 | Full 3 1 54 |
| 18 THURSDAY, | 5 23 | 6 37 | 2 31 | Last 9 5 5 |
| 19 FRIDAY, | 5 21 | 6 39 | 3 16 | New 17 11 31 |
| 20 SATURDAY, | 5 20 | 6 40 | 4 3 | First 25 3 14 |

## Married,

On the 3d of May, 1843, in St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, WILLIAM LANER, to MARY SCHLITTER.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Neill, JAMES CALDWELL, to Miss MARTHA SHERMER, both of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. DANIEL FISLER, of Dauphin county, Pa. to Miss MARY A. FISHER, of this city.

At St. James' Church, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. George E. Hare, D. D., the Rev. FREDERIC W. BEASLEY, to VIRGINIA T. daughter of Chas. N. Bancker, Esq.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Perry, WM. T. THACKSTON, to Miss ELIZABETH J. MOSS, daughter of Saml. H. Moss, from Charlotte.

On the 8th inst. at St. Philip's Church, by the Rev. E. Neville, Lieut. WM. EUSTIS, U. S. Dragoons, to ELIZABETH, daughter of the late Tilton Greland.

On the 3d inst. at Cheltenham, by Friends' ceremony, CHAS. SHOEMAKER, of Philadelphia, to RACHEL MATHER, of the former place.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. T. O. Lincoln, CHAS. H. CUMMINGS, of Mass. to ANNE BULL, of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. L. Burrows, CHAS. TAGG, of Miss SARAH N. daughter of ANTHONY MUSTIN, all of this city.

On the 31st ult. at Jonestown, Lebanon county, by the Rev. Mr. Stein, Mr. ABRAHAM G. STEIN, of Philada. to Miss REBECCA L. KEYSER, of Berks county.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. H. G. Jones, N. L. JONES, to MARGARET H. daughter of John Struthers.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. R. Compton, Mr. HENRY WHITE, merchant, of Baltimore, to Miss ANNA E. BARGER, daughter of Wm. Barger, of Philada.

On the 9th Dec. last, by the Rev. R. D. Hall, CHAS. J. ASHMEAD, to ELIZABETH W. youngest daughter of the late Thos. Whitecar, Esq. all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by Friends' ceremony, THOS. HOOPES, M. D., of Chester county, to ELIZABETH, daughter of Reuben Webb, of Philadelphia.

In Meklenburg, county, N. C. on the evening of the 28th March, by the Rev. H. B. Cunningham, the Rev. A. H. CALDWELL, of S. C. to SARAH ANN, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Williamson, deceased.

On the 31st March, by the Rev. J. Haywood, Mr. JOB SPRAGG, to Miss ELIZABETH COVLIN, all of Manasquan, Monmouth county, N. J.

In Lebanon, Pa. on the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Baber, THEO. FENN, Proprietor of the Pennsylvania Telegraph, to Miss MARGARET, daughter of Dr. Verbeke, both of Harrisburg.

At Fort Jessup, Fa. on the 29th Feb., Dr. JOS. K. BARNES, U. S. Army, son of the late Judge Barnes, of Philadelphia, Pa. to Miss MARY T. daughter of Maj. Fauntleroy, U. S. Rifles.

## Died,

On the 10th inst. MATILDA, wife of Theophilus P. Hart, and daughter of Chas. Egner, Esq.

On the 9th inst. HANNAH SPRINGER, in the 83d year of her age.

On the 10th inst. THOMAS RANDALL, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 10th inst. LUCINDA ROBSTON, in the 35th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. of pulmonary consumption, Mrs. LYDIA WARREN, wife of Jabez Warren, in the 25th year of her age.

At Aldie, Virginia, on the 3d instant, EDMUND TYLER, Postmaster.

On the 9th inst. TIMOTHY HANNAH, in the 21st year of his age.

On the 9th inst. GEORGE B. HALL, in the 34th year of his age.

On the 6th inst. FRANCIS JOHNSON.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. RACHEL SAGER, wife of Thos. B. Sager.

On the 4th inst. GEO. H. BURR, merchant, in the 54th year of his age.

On the 7th inst. EMELINE WILLARD, wife of Geo. Willard, and daughter of the Rev. Wm. P. Earley, in the 28th year of her age.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. ANN, wife of J. L. Henesy, in the 41st year of her age.

On the 5th inst. Mr. JACOB HOFFMAN, Sr. in the 68th year of his age.

On the 7th inst. ELIZABETH C. GATCHEL, only daughter of E. R. and Susan Gatchel, aged 1 year, 8 months and 2 days.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. MATILDA J. FIRTH, wife of Mr. Jos. Firth, in the 28th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. ANN WARNICK, in the 41st year of her age.

On the 4th inst. MARIA CAMILL, in the 30th year of her age.

On the 5th inst. of consumption, REBECCA P. GREGORY, daughter of Jonathan Gregory, aged 25 years.

On the 4th inst. CHARLES SNYDER, aged 45 years.

On the 4th inst. ANTHONY HARVEY, aged 26 years.

On the 5th inst. SARAH, wife of the late David Gatchel, aged 74 years.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. HANNAH HASSELL, aged 79 years.

On the 5th inst. ELIZABETH, daughter of William and Ellen Mahoney, aged 12 years.

On the 5th inst. WM. JONES, aged 25 years.

On the 5th inst. Captain JOSEPH PRICE, of consumption.

On the 7th inst. MAURICE, aged 5 years, second son of Baron D'Hauterive, Consul of France, for this city.

On the 6th instant, JAMES HOWARD, vocalist, aged 49 years.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH REVEL, aged 38 years.

On the 6th inst. MARY ELFREY, aged 58 years.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. GRACE WILSON, aged 36 years.

On the 6th inst. CHARLES B. CLINGER, aged 22 years.

On the 6th inst. THOMAS BROWN, aged 45 years.

On the 7th inst. CATHARINE, daughter of the late Jacob Krider, aged 34 years.

On the 7th inst. HUGH O'BRYAN.

In Baltimore, at the Eutaw House, on the 2d inst. after a short and severe illness, Mr. TITUS HALE, merchant, of St. Louis, Mo.

On the 17th Dec. at Naguabo, P. R., JOSIAH LOCKHART, U. S. Vice Consul for that place and Humacao, P. R. in his 40th year, a citizen of Lancaster county, Pa.

On Tuesday evening, 2d inst. WM. BRUCE DUNN, a native of Dublin, Ireland, in the 60th year of his age.

## Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST
BY E. W. CLARK & CO., BROKERS,
*No. 25 South Third Street.*
*Philadelphia, April 13th, 1844.*

| PENNSYLVANIA. | |
|---|---|
| Philadelphia banks, | par |
| Man. and Mec. bank, | par |
| Moyamensing bank, | par |
| Penn Township bank, | par |
| U. S. Bank notes, | 25a26 |
| Girard do. | 5 dis |
| Pennsyl'a do. | par |
| Germantown, | par |
| Del. Co. at Chester, | par |
| Chester Co., W. Chester, | par |
| Montgomery county, | par |
| Farmers' bk, Bucks co. | par |
| Farmers' bk, Reading, | ½ dis |
| Easton, | par |
| Northampton, | no sale |
| Lancaster Co. bk | ½ dis |
| Lancaster bank, | ½ dis |
| Far. bk, Lancaster, | ½ dis |
| Lebanon, | 1 dis |
| Harrisburg, | 1 dis |
| Middleton, | 1 dis |
| Carlisle, | 1 dis |
| Columbia Bridge, | ½ dis |
| Northumberland, | 1 dis |
| Miners' bk, Potts. | 1½ dis |
| Wy'g bk, Wilkesb'e, | 1½ dis |
| Pitts. demand notes, | 1½ dis |
| " Certificates, | 1½ dis |
| " Post notes, | 1½ dis |
| Towanda, | 90 dis |
| York, | 1 dis |
| Gettysburg, | 1 dis |
| Chambersburg, | 1 dis |
| Waynesb'g p. notes, | 2 dis |
| " Demand notes, | 2 dis |
| Brownsville p. notes, | 1½ dis |
| " Demand notes, | 1½ dis |
| Erie, | 2 dis |
| Berks county bank, | 90 dis |
| Honesdale, | 1½ dis |
| Bk. Susquehanna co. | 30 dis |
| Lewistown, | 1½ dis |
| Lum. bk. Warren, | no sale |
| West Branch bank, | 5 dis |
| Dom. Cred. Script, | 22 dis |
| Lehigh Nav. Script, | 30 |
| NEW YORK. | |
| New York City, | ½ dis |
| Tenth Ward bank, | — |
| Globe bank, | fraud |
| North River Bank'g Co. | do. |
| City Trust & Bank'g Co. | — |
| Wool Growers' bank, | 25 dis |
| Millers' bk of Clyde, | 15 do |
| Far. bk. Seneca co. | 50 do |
| Com. bk, New York, | 2 do |
| Lafayette bank, | 2 do |
| N. Y. Bkg. Co. | 60 do |
| Dry Dock bank, | 1 do |
| N. Am. Trust Co. | 2 do |
| Bank Buffalo, | — do |
| Lewis Co. | 1 do |
| Com. bk, Buffalo, | 55 do |
| All solvent banks, | ⅜a½ |
| Country banks, | ½ dis |
| Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middleton Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co. Wayne county bank, Mer. and Planters', | Broken |
| Del. county bank, | fraud |
| Ex. bk, Po'keepsie, | do |
| Portsdam Man. Co. | do |
| Red Backs, | ½ dis |
| *Post Notes* on the various N. York banks *no value.* | |
| NEW JERSEY. | |
| Mechanics' and Manufacturers' bk, Trenton, | par |
| Princeton bank, | par |
| State bk at Camden, | par |
| Cumberland bank, | par |
| Mount Holly, | par |
| Salem Banking Co. | par |
| Monmouth bank, | no sale |
| N. Hope Del. Bridge, | ½ dis |
| Tren. Banking Co. old, | par |
| All other banks, | par |
| Far. and Mec. bank of N. Brunswick, | no sale |
| Hob. Bkg. & G. Co. | broke |
| Washington Bkg. Co. | do |
| Franklin bank, | do |
| Jersey City bank, | do |
| Monmouth, | do |
| N. J. Manufac. Co. | do |
| Protec. and Lobard, | do |
| State bank at Trenton | do |
| Bank of N. Brunswick | do |
| Mec. bk. Paterson, | do |
| Under $5s, | ½ dis |
| NEW HAMPSHIRE. | |
| All solvent banks, | 1 dis |
| Exchange on New York, | |
| " Boston, | |
| " Baltimore, | |
| Specie, | |
| Country Relief Notes, | |

| MAINE. | |
|---|---|
| Calais bank, | 10 a — |
| Agricultural bank, | do |
| City bk, Portland, | do |
| Damariscotta, | do |
| Mercantile bank, | do |
| Stillwater Canal bk, | do |
| Bangor Com. bank, | do |
| Westbrook bank, | do |
| Citizens' bank, | do |
| Globe bank, | do |
| Washington co. | do |
| Frankford bank, | do |
| All solvent banks, | ½ |
| VERMONT. | |
| Bank of St. Albans, | 1½ |
| Bk of Bennington, | 90 dis |
| All solvent banks, | ½ |
| MASSACHUSETTS. | |
| All solvent banks, | ½ |
| RHODE ISLAND. | |
| All solvent banks, | ½ |
| MARYLAND. | |
| Baltimore banks, | par |
| Patapsco bank, | par |
| Mineral bank, | 1 dis |
| Frederickton, | ½ dis |
| Hagerstown, | ½ dis |
| Farmers' and Millers', Hagerstown, | no sale |
| Westminster, | ½ dis |
| Williamsport, | ½ dis |
| Cumberland, | 1½ dis |
| Salisbury, | 5 dis |
| Franklin bank, | 5 dis |
| Susquehanna, | broke |
| Millington, | broke |
| Fred. County, bank, | ½ dis |
| Broken bks, various prices | |
| Baltimore and Ohio R. R. notes, | par |
| DELAWARE. | |
| Bank of Delaware, | par |
| Wilmington and Bran. | par |
| Farmers' bk. Del. | par |
| Union bank, | par |
| Bank of Smyrna, | par |
| Under $5s, | ½ dis |
| DIS. OF COLUMBIA. | |
| Washington City, | ½ dis |
| Georgetown, | ½ dis |
| Far. and Mechanics' | ½ dis |
| Alexandria, | ½ dis |
| Bank of Alexandria, | broke |
| Mechanics' bank, | broke |
| Franklin bank, | no sale |
| Mechanics' bank, | do |
| VIRGINIA. | |
| Bk of Va. & branches, | ½ dis |
| Farmers' bk & brah's, | ½ dis |
| Valley bk and branch, | ½ dis |
| Ex. bk. and branches, | ½ dis |
| Wheeling, | 1½ dis |
| Wheeling post notes, | 1½ dis |
| NORTH CAROLINA. | |
| All solvent banks, | 1½ |
| Small notes, | 3 |
| SOUTH CAROLINA. | |
| All solvent banks, | ½ |
| Small notes, | 3 |
| GEORGIA. | |
| Bank of St. Mary's, | 2 |
| Ocmulgee, | — |
| Monroe R. R. | — |
| Columbus, | — |
| Phœnix bank, | failed |
| Exchange bank, | — |
| Chat. R. R. bank, | — |
| Central bk of Mill. | — |
| Georgia R. R. Co. | — |
| Rucker Bkg. Co. | — |
| All solvent banks, | 2a3 |
| ALABAMA. | |
| All solvent banks, | 10 dis |
| Small notes, | 10 dis |
| OHIO. | |
| Cincinnati, | 1½ dis |
| Solvent bank notes, | 3 dis |
| ILLINOIS. | |
| Bank of Illinois, | 40 dis |
| State bank, | 35 dis |
| KENTUCKY. | |
| Notes, | 1 dis |
| Small notes, | 2½ dis |
| LOUISIANA. | |
| All solvent banks, | 1 dis |
| MISSOURI. | |
| All solvent banks, | 1½ dis |
| INDIANA. | |
| All solvent banks, | 1½ dis |
| FLORIDA. | |
| Southern Life and Transportation Co. | — |
| CANADA. | |
| Montreal, | |

| | |
|---|---|
| Exchange on New York, | ½ dis a ½ prem |
| " Boston, | " " |
| " Baltimore, | ½ dis |
| Specie, | par |
| Country Relief Notes, | 1a1 dis |


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# Selected Poetry.

## THE SHADOW.

BY HORACE E. GREELY.

I sit at my task, with the sun's blessed light
For my richest of gifts, from morn till night,
And I hear the sound of the trampling feet,
That are ringing along on the stony street;
And many a shadow of passers-by
Comes dimming the light to my careful eye,
Like a flitting mist on the casement thrown,
One moment it falls, and the next is gone,
As, hence by a tide that will not stay,
The present goeth his destined way;
And I never look out on the thronging train
To watch if their footsteps return again,
But every morn through the open door,
One lingering shadow hath marked the floor,
Too silent and slow for the busy throng,
As it bore some weary weight along,
And I raise my eyes each day to see
When a pausch between the sun and me
'Tis a worn old man, and his locks of grey,
Untrimmed and long, on his shoulders lay;
With a painted hand, and a faltering tread,
He totteredh on, and his weary head
Is bowed half way to his mother earth,
And they say there hath been none since his hour of birth
A century told—and his lot is still
A place 'mid the noon of men to fill.
The tender leaves of the coverlip green,
May be through his willow basket seen;
Or the early roses from the garden pulled—
Or the harvest ripe which his hand hath culled;
And he beareth them on from door to door,
Morning his bread—a scanty store.
Were the Summer's sun shines warm and free,
Weary and faint, I wave, is he;
But longer hath spent his staggering feet,
And he struggles on in the sultry heat;
Picking his careful way along,
And shrinking aside from the jostling throng,
And peering through misty eyes in vain
For a firmer spot for his trembling cane
Few are the objects that meet his sight,
For never again will he stand upright—
Few are the pleasures that o'er him roll,
For he chimes no kin with a living soul—
There's no one to lighten his waning life,
He hath no daughter, nor son, nor wife;
And his sire, and his brothers—long since they fell
In that grey field where he fought so well.
'Tis this worn old man, as he totters past,
Who casts the shadow on my floor to cast;
And only when he went by my door
Have I paused to sigh that I, too, was poor;
And still, (let wherever I cannot tell,)
As my eye on this time-bowed veteran fell,
A passive thought to my mind hath sprung,
Of the days when he, like myself, was young;
And his eye was clear, and his lip, and brow,
Lighter and freer than mine are now.
And his foot trod firmly and proudly then
'Mid the honour ranks of the boldest men;
And again I've thought that I yet might be
Weary and worn, and bowed as he.
'Twas then that I learned to love so well
The shadow that over my threshold fell,
And often I turned with a listening ear,
The sound of his coming steps to hear,
Or to wipe a tear from a moistened eye
As that aged man went slowly by.
So passed the Spring and the Summer away,
And I grieved him still each sunny day,
But I missed him at length one dewy morn,
When the sun looked over the golden corn,
And I wended in vain through the live-long day,
But no tottering footsteps came that way;
And my spirit was sadder at eventide,
As if some blessing had been denied.
Again and again the day passed by,
And no lingering shadow had disturbed my eye;
But at length I was roused by a sudden sound,
And a heavy trend o'er the stony ground,
And I turned from my window an anxious eye,
And saw where a domicile bearer was by,
And I knew from that coffin, manshaped and wide,
That that aged man at length had died
My eye sunk back as the train went past,
And the tears on my paper fell thick and fast,
Till the half-drawn sketch my hand had traced,
I knew not why I should weep for him,
Whose sun of life had so long been dim—
Unless it was that he that so other year
Of sorrow would fall o'er his silent bier
And yet it was not for him I wept,
For sorrow, I knew, was the sleep he slept;
He had but sought that home at last,
Where the friends of his youth had long since passed;
But my bosom was swelling with feelings strange—
A thought of Time, and a thought of Change—
A thought of Death's all blighting power—
A thought of Sorrow—a thought of Death—
And a thought beside of that peaceful home
Where the cares of earth have no power to come—
'Twas a mingled tide that o'er me swept,
When I knew of the sleep that old man slept,
And the tears would fall from my brimming eye,
And I wept—I wept—I knew not why.—*Tribune.*

# Selected Articles.

## A DOSE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"Ellen, you have been out."

"Well, I know I have."

"To the King's head."

"No, John, no. But no matter. You'll be troubled no more with my drinking."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say, John," replied the wife, looking very serious, and speaking very solemnly and deliberately, with a strong emphasis on every word. "You—will—be—troubled—no—more—with—my—drinking—I HAVE TOOK IT AT LAST!!"

"I knew it!" exclaimed the wretched husband, desperately tossing his arms aloft, as when all is lost. "I knew it!!—and leaving one cask in the hands of his wife, who vainly attempted to detain him, he rushed from the room—sprang down the stairs, both flights, by two and three stairs at a time—ran along the passages, and without his hat, or gloves, or stick, dashed out at the street door, sweeping from the step two ragged little girls, a quartern loaf, a basin of treacle, and a baby. But he never stopped to ask if the children were hurt, or even to see if the infant dripped with gore—on—on—on—he ran, like a rabid dog, straight forward, down the borough, heedless alike of a porter's load, baker's basket, and butcher's tray.

"I say," muttered the errand boy, as he staggered from the collision.

"Do that again," growled the placard man, as he recovered the pole and board which had been knocked from his shoulder.

"Mind where you're goin'," bawled a hawker, as he picked up his scattered wares; while a dandy, suddenly thrust into the kennel, launched after the runner one of those verbal missiles which are said to return, like the boomerang, to those who launch it.

But on, on, on, scampered the Teetotaller, heedless of all impediments—on he scoured, like a he Camilla, to the shop, number 240, with the red, blue and green bottles in the window—the chemist's and druggist's—into which he darted, and up to the little ball-mark at the desk, with barely breath enough left to gasp out "My Wife!!" "Poison!!" "Pump!!"

"Vegetable or mineral?" inquired the Surgeon Apothecary, with professional coolness.

"Both—all sorts—laudanum—arsenic—oxalic—acid—corrosive sublimity—" and the Teetotaller was about to add pine-apple rum, amongst the poisons, when the Doctor stopped him.

"Is she sick?"

"No." But remembering the symptoms over-night, the Teetotaller ventured to say, on second thought, his dream, that she was turning all manner of colors, like a rainbow, and swelling as big as a house.

"Then there is not a moment to lose," said the Esculapius, and accordingly clapping on his hat, and arming himself with the necessary apparatus—a sort of elephantine syringe with a very long trunk—he set off at a trot, guided by the Teetotaller, to unpoison the rash and ill-fated bacchanalian Mrs. Burrage.

"And did he save her?"

"My dear madam, be content to let that issue remain a little, and accumulate interest like a sum in the saving's bank."

Now, when the Teetotaller, with the medical man at his heels, arrived at his own house, Mrs. Burrage was still in her bed-room, which was a great convenience, for before she could account for the intrusion of a stranger, nay, even without knowing how it was done, she found herself seated—more zealously, tenderly or ceremoniously—in the easy chair; and when she attempted to expostulate, she felt herself choking with a tube of something which was certainly neither maccaroni, nor stick liquorice, nor yet pipe-peppermint.

To account for this precipitancy, the exaggerated representations of her husband must be borne in mind; and if his wife did not exhibit all the dying dolphin-like colors that he had described—if she was not quite so blue, green, yellow, or black, as he had painted her, the apothecary made sure she would soon be, and consequently went to work without delay, where delays were so dangerous.

Mrs. Burrage, however, was not a woman to submit quietly to a disagreeable operation, against her own consent; so with a vigorous kick, and a push at the same time, she contrived to rid herself at once of the doctor and his instrument, and imaginarily demanded to know the meaning of the assault upon her.

"It's to save your life—your precious life, Ellen," said the Teetotaller, very solemnly.

"It's to empty the stomach, ma'am," said the doctor.

"Empty a fiddle," retorted Mrs B. who would have added "stick" but the doctor, watching his opportunity, had dexterously popped the tube again into her open mouth—not without a fresh scuffle from the patient.

"For the Lord's sake, Ellen," continued the Teetotaller, confining her hand, "do, do, pray do sit quiet."

"Pob—sob—wobble," said Ellen. "Hub—bub—bub—bubble," attempting to speak with another pipe in her throat besides her windpipe.

"Have the goodness, ma'am, to be composed," implored the doctor.

"I won't," shouted Mrs. Burrage, having again released herself from the instrument by a desperate struggle. "What am I to be pumped out for?"

"Oh, Ellen, Ellen," said the Teetotaller, "you know what you have taken."

"Corrosive salts and narcotics," put in the doctor.

"Arsenic and corrosive sublimity," said the Teetotaller.

"Oxalic acid and tincture of opium," added the doctor.

"Fly, water and laurel water," said Mr. Burrage.

"Vitriol, prussic acid, and aquafortis," continued the druggist.

"I've took no such thing," said the refractory patient.

"Oh, Ellen, you know what you said."

"Well, what?"

"Why, that your drinking should never trouble me any more."

"And no more it shall!" screamed the wilful woman, falling, as she spoke, into convulsive paroxysms of the wildest laughter. "No more it shall, for I've took—"

"What, ma'am, pray what?"

"In the name of Heaven, what?"

"Why, then—I've took the PLEDGE!!"

## PUNCH'S REVIEW OF BOOKS.

MR. ROEBUCK'S SPEECHES AT THE BAR, BEFORE AND SINCE HIS ELEVATION TO THE RANK OF QUEEN'S COUNSEL.

The Bar of England has long been distinguished for its eloquence, and the custom of publishing a collection of speeches is a common one with popular advocates. Mr. Roebuck's elevation to a silk gown has caused considerable curiosity to be felt as to what he has done in his profession, and has led to the publication of his speeches at the Bar in a pamphlet of sixteen pages, two of which are occupied by the title, two more by the fly-leaf, four by an introduction, six by a preface, and the speeches themselves occupy the remainder of the space which is devoted to them. It is not for us to criticise a specimen of rationication mingled with law—in which the froth of research is seasoned with the pepper of eloquence. We therefore give one of the speeches entire—the collection consists of one than two—in order that the reader may himself judge of the merit of the production.

The speech we are about to quote was made in the presence of the writer of this notice, who never can forget the impression which it created on a mind then fresh in all the buoyancy of hope, and redolent with that respect for genius, which time, alas! moves down like a scythe among the buttercups. But we are forgetting the speech, which we print, word for word, as it was delivered:

"May it please your lordships—

"In a case of Dox *on the demise of* Rox *against* Smith, I am instructed to move for a rule, which I think your lordships, when you have heard all that I have to say, will not refuse to me.

[*Denman, C. J.*—"That depends upon circumstances, Mr. Roebuck."]

My lord, we are all of us, I know, the creatures of circumstances; and as the poet—

[*Williams, J.*—"Pray, sir, don't tell us any thing about the poet, unless he is a party to the rule."]

Your lordship is right. You have brought me back from those realms, where fancy, like the Lybian bird—

[*Patteson, J.*—"We can't notice the Lybian bird, unless he has been served with a copy of the pleadings. Pray, sir, let us know what you are going to move for."]

My lords, I wish for nothing but a rule to compute: and in asking for that rule—

[*Denman, C. J.*—"You have it, sir; and, indeed, you might have banded that motion in."]

Indeed, my lord! Then I shall know what to do another time."

Such was the peroration of the speech of Mr. Roebuck: and as he gave out the words, "I shall know what to do another time," he looked like a lion whose mane had been ignobly pulled, and who was smarting under it. The "other time" has not yet come; but when it does, we have no doubt Mr. Roebuck will be amply prepared for it.

## EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY OF AN ATROCIOUS MURDERER.

A gentleman who had been robbed by his servant, forgave him, on condition that he would abandon his bad habits; this promise he so far kept, and kept himself so steadily, as to accumulate sufficient money to enable him to marry, and to keep an inn, on a much frequented road. About twenty years after, the gentleman, travelling that way, came to lodge with his old servant whom he did not recollect until the man came forward, made himself known, and expressed how gratified and happy he was in again washing upon him. He gave him the handsomest room and the best fare, but the night had no sooner set in, than this perfidious wretch, after so much show of attachment, stabbed his old master with a dagger, threw his body into a cart, and carried it to a river at the back of the house. In order to avoid discovery, and to prevent the corpse from rising to the surface of the water, he pierced the body through with a long stake, sharpened at the end, which he pushed in the bottom, so that only a small portion of the end of the stake was visible. A few days afterwards some tavens arrived from all directions, and crowded to the spot. Their increasing croaking, attracted unusual attention, and led the multitude to fancy a thousand foolish stories. The pertinacity of the birds was such also, that it was useless to attempt driving them away. This increased the excited curiosity so much, that the stake was at length, with difficulty, drawn out, which was no sooner done, than the body rose to the surface of the water. Inquiries were accordingly made to discover the murderer, and the wheel marks of the cart having been traced as far back of the inn, the master was taken up on suspicion, and confessed his crime.—*Faculties of Birds.*

## GAMBLERS.

A man who had gone over a great part of the world, returned at length home from his travels; his friends came and requested him to relate what he had seen. "Listen," said he, "I eleven hundred tribes found the country of the Hurons, there are men whom I thought very strange; they frequently set a table until late in the night; they do not wet their mouths; lightnings might flash around them, two armies might be engaged in battle, even the roof of a night threaten to crush them in its fall, they would remain unmoved on their seats, for they are deaf and dumb. Yet now and then there escapes from their lips a half broken, unconnected and unmeaning sound; and they horribly roll their eyes at the same time. I often stood looking at them with astonishment, for when such sittings take place, people frequently go to witness them. Believe me, brethren, I shall never forget the horrible contortions which I there saw. Despair, fury, malicious joy, and anguish, were by turns visible in their countenances. Tis sir rage, I assure you, appeared to me that of the furies—their gravity that of the judges of hell—and their anguish that of malefactors." "But what was their object?" asked his friends. "They attend perhaps to the welfare of the community?" "Oh no!" "They are assuring the philosopher's stone?" "You are mistaken." "They wish to discover the quadrature of the circle?" "No." "They do penance for old sins?" "Nothing of all this." "Then they are mad: if they neither hear, nor speak, nor feel, nor see, what can they be doing?" "They are gambling!"—*Lichsehr.*

# The Humorist.

☞ "What will you take for dinner?" asked a waiter at one of our hotels, of a chap who had recently arrived, at the same time handing him a bill of fare. "I don't know," replied the stranger, running his eye down the bill, and soon lost amid fricandeaus, cotelettes, ragouts, French "cake shows," and matters of which he had not the most remote idea—"As it's hard choosin' here, I believe *I'll take the lot!*"

☞ In the play of "Love and Reason," old Gen. Gordon is persuading Adjutant Vincent to marry. "She is an angel," says the general. "I don't want an angel—I should not know what to do with an angel!" replies the single-hearted adjutant. "She is all sweetness," repeats the general. "So is a lump of sugar," answers Vincent, "but it does not follow that I should thrust my head into it."

☞ Theodore Hook had a dispute in a ballroom with Gen. ——, and Hook kicked the general. "What do you mean by that?" said the general, "am I to take that as a personal affront?" "To be sure you are," replied Hook. "I am glad of it," returned the general. "I like to speak intelligibly—it saves the trouble of further 'explanation.'" Hook heard no more of the officer.

☞ "What is your opinion of the metaphysics of the German doctors?" said a pedantic fellow, anxious to show off, addressing a countryman who made few pretensions to literary talent. "I hardly know what to think of them," was the unmeaning reply. "I've tried sails, rhubarb, and some of the physics of our own doctors, and of them I've a mighty mean opinion."

☞ "Put it out a little further," said a doctor, who was examining the tongue of a female patient; she complied. "A little further still, if you please"—she obeyed again. "Put it out as far as possible, madam." "Mercy, doctor," says she, "you must think there is no end to a woman's tongue."

☞ "Why is our marriage like the British flag?" said an English tar to his bride, on their wedding day. "Because it's a union, Jack," was the quick response.

☞ Zimmerman, so distinguished both as a physician and author, was ordered to attend Frederick the Great in his last sickness. "I presume," said the king to him, "you have helped many a man into another world?" "Not so many," promptly replied the physician, "as your majesty, not with so much honor to myself."

☞ Some philosopher says—"If rich, it is easy enough to conceal our wealth; but if poor, it is not quite so easy to conceal our poverty. We shall find it less difficult to hide one thousand guineas, than a hole in our coat." That's a fact.

☞ "My dear brethren, let me tell you that I am now just half through with my sermon, but as I perceive your impatience, I will my that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as you have heard!"

☞ A man by the name of Bliss, lately stole a horse in Ohio, and absconded or hid himself. He can't be found.

"Restless mortal toil for wealth,
*Bliss* in vain on earth is sought."

☞ A student of medicine from Boston, while attending the lectures in London, observed that "the *King's Evil* had been but little known in the United States since the *Revolution.*"

☞ A contemporary, intending to make the heading of some articles, wrote "Shreds and Patches." On examination of the proof he found it printed "Shad and Peaches."

☞ It may be useful to some timid railway travellers to state, that the furious puffing of the engine shows the safety valve is open, and explosion impossible.

☞ "Why, it is reported that you found some money," says one individual yesterday to another. "The report is without *found*-ation," was the reply.

☞ A Cincinnati paper states that there is in that city a young bachelor, who is so modest that he will not even *embrace* an opportunity to do good.

☞ By what process could a *tea table* be turned into food?

Ans: Take away the T, and it would be *eatable.*

# Choice Selections.

## IT WON'T DO.

It is curious how many thousand things there are, which it won't do to do upon this cozy planet of ours, whereon we eat, sleep and get our dinners. For instance.

It won't do to plunge in a law suit, relying wholly on the justice of your cause, and not equipped before-hand with a brimming purse.

It won't do to tweak a man's nose, or tell him he lies, unless you are perfectly satisfied he has not spunk enough to resent it by blowing your brains out, or, (if you have not brains) cracking your skull.

It won't do, when riding in a stage coach, to talk of another man when you have not added as being an "all-fired scoundrel," until you are absolutely sure he is not sitting before you.

It won't do when snow drifts are piled up mountain high, and sleighs are eternally upsetting, as this winter, to ride out with a beautiful, lively fascinating girl, and not expect to get *smashed* with her.

It won't do for a man, when a horse kicks him, to kick back at the horse.

It won't do to crack jokes on old maids in the presence of unmarried ladies who have passed the age of forty.

It won't do to imagine that a legislature fed at the public crib, will sit but six weeks, when two-thirds of the members have not the capacity to earn a decent living at home.

It won't do for a man to bump his head against a stone post, unless he conscientiously believes his head is the hardest.

It won't do for a chap to imagine a girl is indifferent to him because she studiously avoids him in company.

It won't do, when in a hurry, to eat soup with a two-pronged fork, or to try to catch flies with a fish net.

It won't do for a man to fancy a lady is in love with him because she treats him civilly and politely on all occasions.

It won't do for a politician to imagine himself elected to office while the "back counties remain to be heard from."

It won't do to take every man to be that you would like to do even if so to do would be to do a favor. It won't do. And now we are done.

## A HYMN OF THE SEA.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

The sea is mighty, but mightier sways
His restless billows. Thou, who stretch'd thy hand
And hemmest in the ocean, hast set bounds
Thou moved in the beginning o'er his face,
Moving as o'er a stream. The obedient waves,
To an strong motion roll and rise and fall.
Still from that realm of rain thy cloud goes up,
As in the first day, to water the great earth,
And keep her valleys green. A kindred realm
With them is bound shadow warping on the wind.
And on the dripping shower, with glorious bear
Thy promise of the harvest. I looked forth
Over the boundless blue, where, joyously
The lively circle of the dolphins wheel
Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands
Of a great multitude are uplaced flung,
At a coronation. I beheld the ships
Gliding from cape to cape, from isle to isle,
Or stemming toward far inside, or hastening home
From the dark world. Thou, who hast made them strong
That bears them, with the riches of the land,
And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port,
The shouting seamen furl the sail and cast
But who shall hale thy tempest—who shall face
The blast that wakes the fury of the sea?
Oh God! thy justice makes the world turn pale
When on the storm-cloud, riding on the wind,
Bears down the surges, carrying war, to mate
Some city, or invade some thoughtless realm,
Dewends the fierce tornado. The sea shrinks
Are whirled like chaff upon the waves, the sails
Fly, rent like webs, and crushed are the masts
Are snapped asunder, downward from the decks,
Downward are slung, into the fathomless gulf,
Their cruel engines, and their hosts, arrayed
In trappings of the battle-field, are whelmed
By whirlpools, or dashed dead upon the rocks.
Then stand the seamen aloof, with fear and pause
A moment, from the bloody work of war.

These restless surges eat away the shores
Of earth's old continents, the fertile plain
Wastes to shallows, the inhabitants are driven
And the tide drifts the sea-sand in the streets
Of the drowned city. Then, meanwhile, afar
In the green chambers of the middle sea,
Where broadest spread the waters and the line
Sinks deepest, while no eye beholds thy work,
Creator! there the tempest is as a voice
To lay his mighty reels. From age to age,
He builds beneath the waters, till, at last
His bulwarks overtop the brine, and climb
The long wave rolling from the southern pole
To break upon Japan. Then half the floor,
That wanders every ocean, bears on high
The new-made mountains, and uplift their peaks
A place of refuge for the storm-driven bird.
The birds and wading fishes place the isle
With herb and tree, sweet fountains gush, sweet airs
Ripple the living lake, that, fraught with flowers
Are gathered in the hollows. Then first look
On thy creation and pronounce it good.
Its valleys, clothed with their summer green,
Praise thee in silent beauty, and its woods,
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.

## ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

One day an uncle who came to the house brought a large dog with him and stayed to dinner. Gerald dined at the same table, and the dog stood behind his chair seeming to watch where his best chance lay. He was one of the most beautiful specimens of the greyhound tribe, being of a brown color, with the lofty stature, slender head and limbs, flowing outline, and piercing vision, which give to that species its full perfection. On this occasion he took a dishonorable advantage of these personal qualities, for when Gerald lifted his arm a bit for from his side, he popped his head through the opening, and the plate was cleared. A second supply met with the same fate, and this was repeated two or three times in succession, the dog coming in undiscovered every time the parlor door was opened. At length the quantity the little fellow was consuming seemed to attract my mother's attention. Having supplied him once again, she cast her eyes a few minutes afterwards toward the sale-table, and the state of affaire there set the whole table in a roar. Gerald had this time watched his interests much more closely, and when his aggressor thrust his head again through the narrow defile, he closed his arm and kept it fast locked. When my mother looked over she saw him very contentedly prosecuting his dinner with the huge animal's head under his arm, his left hand being, however, a little limited in its motions by the necessity of keeping his prisoner close. The dog did not struggle, nor attempt to get away; the agreeable prospect before him probably compensating for his temporary loss of liberty; but he seemed to follow with his eyes the point of the fork in the very important semicircles it was describing between his keeper's plate and his lips.—*Gerald Griffin.*

REMEMBRANCE.—It is a remarkable fact, as has been remarked by some philosophical observer, that every animal, when dressed in human apparel, resembles mankind very strikingly in features. For instance.

Put a frock, bonnet and spectacles on a pig, and it looks like an old woman of eighty. A bull dressed in an overcoat would resemble a lawyer. Tie a few ribbons round a cat, put a fan in its paw, and a boarding school miss is represented. A cockerel in uniform is a general to the life. The features of a tiger call to mind those of a sailor. A hedgehog looks like a miser. Dress a monkey in a frock coat, cut off his tail, trim his whiskers, and you have a Broadway dandy. Donkeys resemble a good many people.

## THE OREGON QUESTION SETTLED.

The following speech made by some Western Ajax, settles the question about Oregon at once.

"What, I say, what is the individual who would give up the first foot, the first outside shadow of a foot, of the great Oregon? There isn't no such individual. Talk about treaty occupations to a country over which the great American eagle has flown! I scorn treaty occupation; d—n treaty occupation. Who wants a parcel of low flung "outside barbarians" to go in cahoot with us, and share alike a piece of land that always was and always will be ours? Nobody. Some people talk as though they were affeered of England. Who's affeered. Haven't we licked her twice, and can't we lick her again? Lick her! you just as easy as a bear can slip down a fresh peeled maplin. Some skeery folks talk about the navy of England; but who cares for the navy? Others say she is the mistress of the ocean. Suppose she is—ain't we the mistress of it? Can't we cut a canal from the Mississippi to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, turn all the water into it, and dry up the ocean in three weeks? What, then would be the navy? It would be up—shot! There never shall have peace any Atlantic ocean if it hadn't been for the Mississippi, nor never will be after we've turned the waters of that big drink into the Mammoth Cave! When that's done, you'll see all their steam ships and their men of war, they splunge so much about, lying high and dry, flounderin' like so many turtles left ashore at low tide. That's the way we'll fix 'em. Who's affeered!!!"

## TO MY MOTHER.

My Mother! on thy fading brow is many a mark of care,
The tale of Life's eventful scenes is deeply written there;
And day by day, as onward I pass through life's rough way,
That Time hath for my Manhood claimed the years of Age from thee.

And now when in maturer years, the scenes of Youth I trace,
And mark the saddened smile that oft will steal across thy face,
The memory of my wayward way is darkly round me thrown,
To whisper that by acts of mine that smile hath sadder grown!

Oh! cold, indeed, would be my heart, did it refuse to thrill,
When I recall thy love for me, that lives unchanging still!
That e'er my spirit over threw, when I had sought its powers,
A spell as sweet as thoughts of Heaven, in melancholy hours

How oft when others (children proved, and I've gone forth to feel,
Amid the world's discordant throng, a lonesome o'er me steal
Hath sweet remembrance given me for those pure friends of mine,
The hearts that as their love grew false, it only deepened thine!

In all the bliss which I have felt—in all the woes of Care,
Thy heart, responsive to my own, would joys and sorrows share;
And when my love to others turned, and cold to thee had grown,
My wandering heart seemed to make thine live for me alone

Then, Mother; be it mine to give a purer love to thee—
A love so holy and so strong as there has been for me;
Driving the world's cold chill away, and cheering your days,
And solace with my better years the lonesome of thine Age!

A. D. F. R.

## DEGRADING HABIT OF SWEARING.

It is not easy to perceive what honor or credit is connected with swearing! Does any man receive a promotion because he is a notable blusterer? Or does any man advance to dignity, because he is expert in profane swearing! No. It must be the character which such impertinence will not degrade. Inexcusable, therefore, must be the practice which has neither reason nor passion to support it. The drunkard has his cups, the leecher his mistress, the miser his money, the ambitious man his preferments, the miser his gold; but the common swearer has nothing; he is a fool at large, sells his soul for nought, and drudges the service of the devil gratis. Swearing is void of sense, void of sin, void of temptation, void of soul, nor interwoven with the texture of the body, nor in any way allied to our frame. For, as a great man (Tillotson) expresses it, "though some men pour out oaths as though they were natural, yet oaths are not born of a sweaty constitution." But it is a custom, a low and paltry custom, picked up by low and paltry spirits, who have no sense of honor, no regard for decency; but are forced to substitute some thing—or nonsense to supply the vacancy of good sense. Hence the silliness of the practice can only be equalled by the silliness of those who have adopted it.—*Rev. Dr. Lamont.*

## CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity, like a child, goes wandering over the world. Fearless in its innocence, it is not abashed before princes, nor confounded by the wisdom of synods. Before it the bloodstained warrior sheathes his sword, and plucks the laurel from his brow; the midnight murderer turns from his purpose, and like the heart-smitten disciples goes out and weeps bitterly. It brings liberty to the captive, joy to the murderer, freedom to the slave, repentance and forgiveness to the prodigal, balm to the fainting heart, and assurance to the dying. It enters the hut of the poor man, and sits down with them and their children; it makes them contented in the midst of privations, and leaves behind an enduring blessing. It goes through great cities amid all their pomp and splendor, their imaginable pride, and their unutterable misery, a purifying, ennobling, correcting, and redeeming angel. It is like the beautiful companion of childhood, and the comfortable associate of age. It ennobles the noble; gives wisdom to the wise; and new grace to be lovely. The patriot, the priest, the poet, and the eloquent man, all derive their sublime power from its influence.—*Mary Howitt.*

## WONDERS OF AUSTRALIA.

In this remote part of the earth, Nature, (having made horses, oxen, ducks, geese, owls, elens, and all regular useful productions for the rest of the world,) seems determined to have a bit of play, and to amuse herself as she pleases. Accordingly, she makes cherries with the stone on the outside; and a monstrous animal, as tall as a grenadier, with the head of a rabbit, a bag as big as a bed-post, hopping along at the rate of five hops to a mile, with three or four young kangaroos looking out of its false uterus, to see what is passing. Then comes a quadruped as big as a large cat, with the eyes, color and skin of a mole, and the bill and web feet of a duck, puzzling Dr Shaw, and rendering the latter half of his life miserable, from his utter inability to determine whether it was a bird or beast. Add to this, a parrot with the legs of a sea-gull; a skate with the head of a shark; and a bird of such monstrous dimensions that a side bone of it will dine three real carnivorous Englishmen, together with many other productions that agitated Sir Joseph (Banks,) and filled him with emotions of distress and delight.—*Sydney Smith.*

A JOKE NO JOKE.—A New York paper states that on Monday last, about nine o'clock in the evening, a man knocked at the door of the house 11 Walker street, occupied by Dr. Andrews, but there being only two young ladies in at the time, one of them went to the door, and saw a man with something nicely wrapped up in a basket, who stated that he had got a child to leave there. The young lady remembering that it was April fools' day, treated the matter as a joke, and thought perhaps it was only a few kittens, and therefore laughed heartily, told the man that it wouldn't do, that the child did not belong there, and moreover that they would not receive it; he insisted that it did, and dropping the basket at the lady's feet, ran off. It was taken into the parlar, and after a good deal of debate between the young ladies, the covering was removed, and a sweet, unconscious infant, about two months old, was found packed very carefully, and labelled "this side up with care." The consternation this discovery occasioned was extreme, and a neighbor was immediately sent for, and the little responsibility was sent to the almshouse.

## ON THE DEATH OF MY CHILD.

A mother's kiss, ob, beauteous clay
A mother's tear receive
Soon shall the perfect form decay,
Soon all resemblance melt away,
Of him for whom I grieve.

Upon that alabaster cheek
(As fair, as firm, as cold)
In vain do I those complex mock,
Those charms which to a mother speak
In language manifold!

Upon that little ivy hand
Receive another kiss!
Angel! * * * * sheers I joined the white cold hand,
Which round the throat immortal shall,
In never ceasing bliss.—*Metropolitan.*

EXTRAORDINARY ATTACHMENT OF BIRDS.—A few days ago, a lad, who was employed by a farmer at Peckham to shoot birds in his corn field, shot a wood-pigeon. On reaching the spot where the bird fell, he was surprised at finding another, hovering close to the wounded one he took up the dead bird, and carried it in his hand some distance, closely attended by the other bird, sometimes following him and sometimes going before, and (to use the lad's own expression,) "making quite a fuss about him." On reaching the field-gate, the lad stopped to reload his gun, placing the dead bird on the gate post, when the other pigeon flew to the side of his lifeless companion, and, without the slightest attempt to escape, quietly suffered itself to be secured by the boy. The bird was brought home, and put into a small room, where shortly after it was found dead. It is now stuffed, and in the possession of the writer.—*Standard.*

## A CHINESE MUSICIAN.

But I may mention one musician, who, for simplicity of apparatus, could not be surpassed. He ate his rice, with a modicum of meat, fish, &c., when he could get them, out of a blue and white saucer, by the help of two chop-sticks, which were two pieces of wood, squared and colored. Then, as the reader knows, are but a wooden knife and fork in their original simplicity; and on this occasion served the purpose of a musical instrument or dining utensils at pleasure. He held the saucer in his left hand and placing the stick between the ring and middle finger, was enabled to move and strike it upon the bottom of the vessel as the rhythm required. With the right hand he held the other stick, and rolled it upon the edge of the saucer, or beat it with a springing stroke, in a fantastic and playful manner. This formed the accompaniment to a song with a quavering and plaintive air, which seemed to afford the auditors great pleasure, who listened with that help from association which the poor foreigner lacked, and which, after all, is one of the main ingredients of all our pleasurable feelings.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.—Mrs. Child relates the following pleasant anecdote, in one of her New York letters to the Boston Courier:—"I found the Battery unoccupied, save by children, whom the weather made as merry as birds. Every thing seemed moving to the vernal tune of

"Original hosts are fresh and fair,
Spring is their season of sport and air."

To one who was chasing her hoop, I said, smiling, "You are a nice little girl." She stopped, looked up in my face so rosy and happy, and laying her hand on her brother's shoulder, exclaimed enthusiastically, "And he is a nice little boy, too!!" It was a simple, child-like act, but it brought a warm gush into my heart. Blessings on all unselfishness! On all that leads us in love to prefer one another. Here lies the secret of our Pilgrim fathers' lives. All else paass which would bring us all into tune. Only by losing ourselves can we find ourselves."

TRUTH TRIUMPHANT.—Whatever may be urged by sophists and politicians, it is certain that the great eternal laws of truth and justice cannot be violated with impunity. The violation may answer some sordid and temporary purpose; but in the end, it must be injurious, if not fatal. The truth, like the sun in the heavens, is one. The clouds indeed are variegated; but then they are insubstantial, and of momentary existence. So is falsehood. It can assume any color, but time overtakes the hues to fade; and truth bursts forth with new effulgence. We see despotism gradually withdrawing from the finest countries in Europe. It must depart, at last, from all, for it is opposed by reason and truth. The truth, which alone can render it permanent, labor in vain; but at the same time, they may detain it a while, and cause in the interval, misery and carnage.—*Knox.*

FOOD AND PASTURE FOR COWS.—In the same animal, says Johnson this latter quality of his mind is known to be greatly influenced by the kind of food. This is best understood in the neighborhood of large towns, where the profit of the diary-man is dependent upon the quantity, rather than upon the quality of his milk. Hence the value of highly succulent foods—of the grass of irrigated meadows—of mashed and steamed food—of brewer's grains—of turnips, potatoes, and beets—and of other similar productions, which contain much much water, intimately mixed with nutritive matter, and thus tend both to aid in the production of milk, and to increase its quantity.

# The Olio.

LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE.—At the time that Gibraltar was closely besieged by the combined French and Spanish forces, both by sea and land, the garrison was often straitened for provisions, on account of the closeness of the blockade, and they were sometimes obliged to draw supplies from Barbary, where the garrison had an agent of the name of Brown. General Boyd, who was Commissary General, wrote to the agent for an immediate supply, and, wishing to avoid the danger of letting the enemy know the distress, should his messenger fall into their hands, he couched his application in the following laconic, but expressive words:

Brown.
Beef.
Boyd.

The agent was successful in sending a supply to the garrison, and with it the following answer:—

Boyd,
Beef.
Brown.

IS A WOMAN'S HEART LARGER THAN A MAN'S?—Jonas being in company a few evenings since where was exhibited a card on which was nicely drawn two hearts, united by a dart from Cupid's bow, and one heart being much larger than the other. The question arose, "Is a male's or female's heart the largest?" It was decided on "Bible authority," that the female heart must be the largest—inasmuch as it is declared that out of *the fullness of the heart* the mouth speaketh, and it is a settled fact that out of the female mouth comes the most *words*, and *oftener* than from the male. Oh, what a Jonas!

LORD BOLINGBROKE, observing the incapacity and ignorance of most of the leading men in his time, says on the subject: "When young, I at first considered those who governed the world, to be men of intelligence; but experience soon undeceived me. I examined those in every place, and found that the great were like those gods of Phrygia, on whose shoulders were fixed the head of a bull, as a mark of supreme power; and that, in general, men were governed by the greatest blockheads among them."

A JOCULAR TRUTH.—A highwayman, named Bolland, confined in Newgate, sent to know how he could defer his trial, and was answered, "by getting an apothecary to make affidavit of his illness. This was accordingly done, in the following manner: "The apothecary believes that if the said James Bolland is obliged to take his trial at the ensuing session, he will be in imminent danger of his life." To which, the learned judge on the bench, answered, "that he verily believed so too."

LOOKING-GLASSES FOR POTATOES.—In Queen Victoria's aviary, at Windsor, the dove-cotes lined with *looking-glasses*, and the pigeons stand for hours at the glass panels, bowing and cooing in the reciprocating compliments of their own images, and seem to be vastly pleased with the extreme polish of their admirers. Doubtless the female pigeons partake of this enjoyment most frequently, as is quite natural.

FUNNY DESCRIPTION.—In describing the destruction of a brig, a contemporary says: "The only passengers were T. B. Nathan, who owned three thousand dollars worth of the cargo *and the captain's wife.*

An exchange thinks that something akin to the above, is a case mentioned by a London editor, who speaks of a hen belonging to a man *that lays bricks.*

SOME ONE, Butler, we believe, has compared a knave to a tooth-drawer, who manages to keep his own teeth in business by extracting those of his fellows. He is an excellent founder, and will melt down a leaden fool, and cast him into what form he pleases. He grows rich by the ruin of his neighbors, like grass in the streets in a great sickness."

LIFE TO LAWYER.—How is a draft usually settled? If it proceeds from a broken window, by an old coat or newspaper.

What is an attachment with a proclamation? When you pop the question to your intended, and ask the mamma's consent.

How do you serve a clerk in court? If he is impudent, kick him.

WHEN YOU wish to sleep in church, quietly take off your superfluous garments, and lay right straight down in the aisle—that is, do it openly; for a church is no place for hypocrisy.

SOME EDITOR has recently propounded the following question:—"If a wheel runs easier for being tired, would the same effect follow the same cause in the case of a horse?"

NEVER EAT while you speak, as a man's throat is too narrow a channel for words to pass up, and good meat to pass down, at the same time.

A MAN WITH small talents well used will get on better than a man with great talents who is too dilatory to use them. Remember that, little 'uns.

☞ Napoleon once said to some boys in a school he visited—"My lads, every hour of lost time is a chance for future misfortune."

☞ "This is a cool proceeding!" as the turkey said when they were shooting at him, on a Christmas day.

☞ Why is a benevolent man like a cart horse? Because he stops at the sound of woe.

☞ Why is a love-sick lady's eye olden like a tattered coat? Because it's full of *tears.*

☞ When may we expect water to be expensive? When we see *rain dear.*

☞ "This must be looked into," as the young lady said to the mirror.

☞ When does Turkey oppress China? About Thanksgiving time.

MAKE GOOD USE of your time if you love